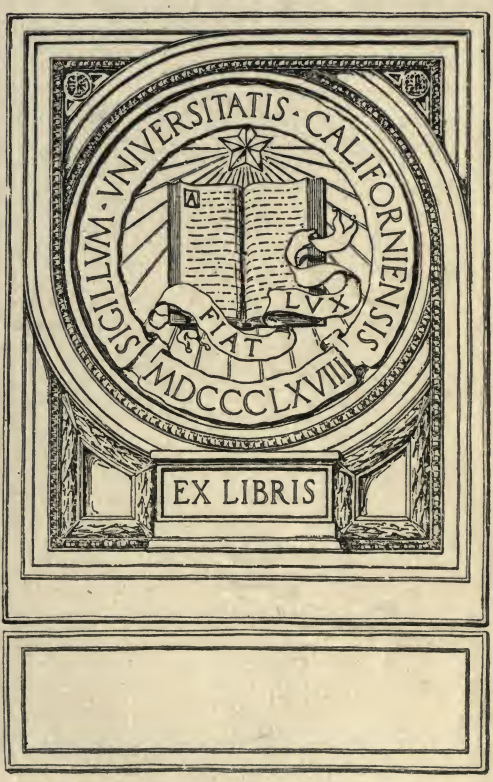
The Ways of Yale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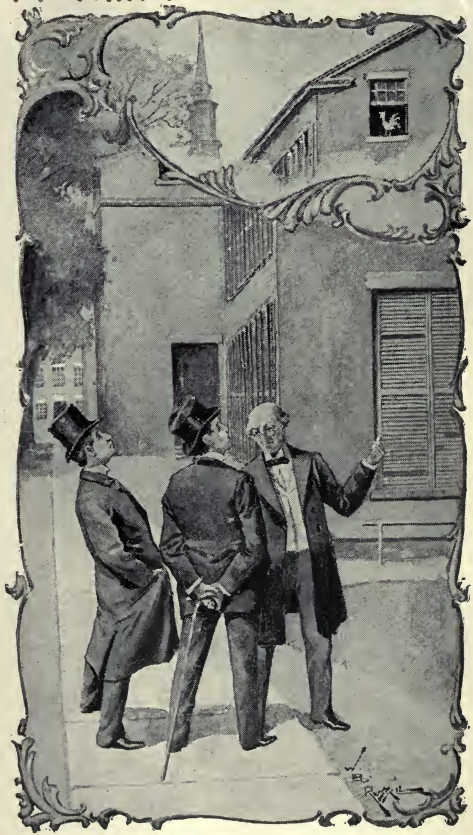

"It crowed repeatedly and attracted the attention of the authorities."—P. 185.

THE WAYS OF YALE IN THE CONSULSHIP OF PLANCUS

BY

HENRY A. BEERS

AUTHOR OF "A SUBURBAN PASTORAL," ETC.

NEW AND FURTHER ENLARGED EDITION

with two illustrations

NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1910

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1910

In fallow college days, Tom Harland,
  We both have known the ways of Yale,
And talked of many a nigh and far land,
  O'er many a famous tap of ale.
There still they sing their "Gaudeamus,"
  And see the road to glory clear;
But taps that in our day were famous
  Have given place to Lager Bier.

The Ballad of Lager Bier.—STEDMAN.

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BLUE ROSES OF ACADEMUS.

So late and long the shadows lie
  Under the quadrangle wall:
From such a narrow strip of sky
  So scant an hour the sunbeams fall,
  They hardly come to touch at all
This cool, sequestered corner where,
  Beside the chapel belfry tall,
I cultivate my small parterre.

Poor, sickly blooms of Academe,
  Recluses of the college close,
Whose nun-like pallor would beseem
  The violet better than the rose:
  There's not a bud among you blows
With scent or hue to lure the bee:
  Only the thorn that on you grows—
Only the thorn grows hardily.

Pale cloisterers, have you lost so soon
  The way to blush? Do you forget
How once, beneath the enamored moon,
  You climbed against the parapet,
  To touch the breast of Juliet
Warm with a kiss, wet with a tear,
  In gardens of the Capulet,
Far south, my flowers, not here—not here?

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixæ cupidos protervæ;
Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventa
Consule Planco.

Q. Horatius Flaccus.

IN THE DAYS OF THE FENCE

CONSULE PLANCO.

In Plancus' days, when life was slow,
We dwelt within the Old Brick Row
Before Durfee or Welch was built,
Or gilded youths in Vanderbilt
Looked down upon the mob below.
Then Freshmen did not use to go
'Most every evening to the show;
Quite inexpensive was *our* gilt
In Plancus' days.
We had no football then, you know:
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
No gore was shed, no ink was spilt,
No poet got upon his stilt
To write these frenchified rondeaux,
In Plancus' days.

THE WAYS OF YALE

SOME CHANGES IN COLLEGE LIFE IN THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY.

THERE are stories of men who have left college, halfway through their course, and come back many years after to pick up the broken threads, drawn by haunting memories of the charm of student life. But, rushing once more to prayers at the sound of the same old bell, or seated again in classroom on the familiar benches,

though with a new set of faces around them, they have experienced a strange disappointment: have found that identical conditions do not bring back the identical feelings, and that, in spite of all, they

> ". . . never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture."

Not so very different from this is the experience of the tutor who returns to the academic life after two or three years' absence. Perhaps he takes a room in the same entry where he lived in his Senior year; and as he sits by his window of a summer evening, and hears the well-known strains of "The Old Mountain Tree," or "The Son of a Gambolier" rising

from the fence, the impulse seizes him to wander out to the corner and take his seat on the top rail. Will he not find all the old crowd there as usual? It was only the other evening that they were there. Or when the college row is lighted up at night, how natural to pause under Bob's window in the third-story front of South Middle and call up, as of yore, "Oh, Bob!" forgetting that Bob is no longer within hail, and that he himself is "out of it."

A comparison of student life in the sixties and in the nineties, by one who had lived it at both eras, would be most interesting. The present writer has been so long out of touch with the undergraduate world that all he can do is to compare his

recollections of that life as it was then, with his guess of what it may be now. Certain changes in the external or, so to speak, institutional features of the college microcosm are obvious to anyone who will contrast the Yale of to-day with the Yale described by my classmate, the "Graduate of '69," in his "Four Years at Yale." There is the Wooden Spoon, for instance, which used to cause so many heart-burnings. That is gone, with its Spoon Exhibition, its Promenade Concert, its Cock Suppers, and the rest. The idea of deciding by vote who was the best fellow, or the most popular man in the class, was an essentially vulgar one, and the choice was seldom spontaneous,

but was manipulated in the interest of coalitions between the Junior societies.

I do not know whether the thing called "Junior politics," or even whether society politics in general, exists nowadays. There was a certain amount of excitement and fun about it. There were men who devoted their whole attention to it, and who looked upon the Faculty and the curriculum of study as existing merely for the sake of the society system and the distribution of class offices and honors. The Faculty kept up a sort of routine which imposed upon the outside world, but their true function was to maintain a chessboard upon which the youthful politicians could make their moves and combi-

nations. What else was the college for? Here was its real field of action. *Hic patet ingenuis campus.* (We did not use to call it "Campus," by the way, but "Yard.") To serious men, college politics, though not without amusing aspects, was childish nonsense, and, upon the whole, a nuisance and a bore.

The Spoon Exhibition, held in Music Hall, was usually a rather flat performance. A much more stalwart affair was the Thanksgiving Jubilee in Alumni Hall, with its sermon, its merrie minstrelsie, clog dances, and fun galore. It was a rough, hearty, noisy, characteristically Yale show, and could it have been kept within bounds, had elements in it

worth saving. Attempts were made to regulate it, and a censorship committee attended the rehearsals; but all was in vain.* Probably the license that distinguished the old Jubilee was an inseparable part of it, for when it was revived by the New York Alumni for a series of years, the same odor —not of sanctity—still hung about it.

Another institution that has gone—gone with "voice of weeping heard and loud lament," and with spasmodic experiments at revival — is the open societies. In the days of which I write (1865–69) these were still existent, but hardly alive. Their annual prize de-

*See Jubilee Ode—Prolog im Himmel, p. 10.

bates were hotly contested, though they were not properly debates, but set speeches, memorized and declaimed. On these occasions the halls and staircases were crowded, and the fortunate winners were borne off in triumph on the shoulders of their friends to expend their prize money—and generally a good deal more than their prize money—in little suppers. But the regular weekly meetings were slimly attended, and a story ran about a certain Brother-in-Unity, who, fired by an editorial in the *Lit.* on the duty of rallying to the support of the open societies, found his way one Wednesday evening into Linonia Hall and made a patriotic speech about the ancient glory of Brothers,

amid the ironical cheers of the dozen Linonians who happened to be present.

But space would fail me to tell of all the customs that have gone by the board, to be succeeded by others which have changed the whole outward face of college society. I say outward, for doubtless in essence the thing remains much the same. The most striking feature of recent undergraduate life is its intense, and perhaps slightly excessive, devotion to athletic sports. In 1865, the only department of athletics already well developed was boating. Rugby football had not been introduced, though faint rumors had come down to us of the old games on the green in which the Sophomores and

Freshmen kicked *en masse*, and which were put down by the Faculty in 1857. My own class, in its Freshman year, was the first to put a baseball nine in the field; and I believe that the University nine was not formed till 1868. I fancy that there was something a little impromptu about those early matches, anyway, and that, when a challenge was received from Harvard or elsewhere, a nine was hastily extemporized to go out to Hamilton Park and play the visitors.

Connected with this development of athletics is another peculiarity of contemporary student life which impresses the returning graduate: the degree, viz., to which that life is *organized*. The number of

clubs and organizations of all kinds listed in a modern *Banner* is something wonderful: glee clubs, chess clubs, rifle clubs, whist clubs, yacht clubs, Yale orchestras, Yale unions, University clubs, track athletic associations, banjo clubs, tennis clubs, Andover clubs, Ohio clubs, Berkeley societies, etc., etc.; most of them all undreamed of in the simple structure of undergraduate life in the sixties. There were the secret societies, to be sure,—too many of them,—but outside of these, our amusements, occupations, and social life were left to pursue their own route. It sometimes seems to me—I speak under correction and from an outside point of view—but it sometimes seems as if a certain

accidental, spontaneous charm had gone out of college life; as if everyone was enrolled in some organization or other, was in training for something, and carried on his amusements strenuously and in a corporate way. But very likely this is a wrong impression, the view of an onlooker and a *laudator temporis acti.* I am told that even the Sophomore and Freshman rushes are now organized and take place on the Grammar School lot at a set time and under rules. *Consule Planco*, a rush was an impulsive and unforeseen thing and liable to happen anywhere and any time; on Chapel Street, in the College Yard, in the post office or wherever a group of Sophomores encountered a group of

Freshmen and the joy of battle took possession of them. If there are to be rushes, of course the modern plan is much the better. When we wanted exercise we were very apt to take it in an unsystematic way, in small walking, rowing, and sailing parties. The gymnasium was largely given over to Freshmen and to men training for the crews. But every fair Wednesday and Saturday afternoon saw knots of men, from four to half a dozen, setting out with their walking sticks, to explore the country about New Haven: Light House Point, and the old fort, Lake Saltonstall, Rabbit Mountain, and the North Haven meadows, Cedar Hill, Wintergreen Falls, and all the Rocks, Edgewood,

Maltby Park, and the west shore. In Senior year walking was combined with a certain amount of botanizing and geologizing, and we found a guide in a very pleasant set of papers which Professor James D. Dana published, for the direction of student walkers, in the old *College Courant*. We used to go to the woods, as the present generation of undergraduates go to the Yale Field or the tennis courts. There were others, of course, who spent their holidays in billiards or poker, or in talking college politics, and some who took their degrees without ever going so far afield as East Rock or the Judges' Cave.

There was no yacht club in those days, but there were

some persistent sailors in summer term. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor* was our motto, and we dreamed of voyages as far east as Montauk. But our Hercules' Pillars in that direction always remained the Thimble Islands, where we camped out in that halcyon season known as "Senior vacation," which formerly intervened between Presentation and Commencement. Temporary, informal clubs for mixed social and literary purposes exist, I suppose, now as they did then. One such I remember—and it is one of my pleasantest memories of college days — which was started in Sophomore year and continued to meet, irregularly and at convenience, all

through the remainder of the course.

There was still a certain roughness about college life in the late sixties. The era of Bully clubs, pow-wows, burials of Euclid, town and gown rows, had indeed gone by, and it was no longer thought good form to play pranks upon the Faculty. The annual burning of the north coal yard was a survival of that earlier Pliocene age. I cannot determine how far the class spirit and the Yale democracy have yielded to the more comfortable conditions of modern student life. Probably men in college spend more money than they used. There was but one man in my class who kept a saddle-horse, and none who owned a yacht

or dog-cart. There is no reason why college life should be rough or unrefined, but there are many reasons why it should be simple and plain. The glory of youth is independent of luxury. And it is the peculiar charm of academic life that its amusements, even, have, or ought to have, an intellectual touch about them, a constant reference to "the things of the mind."

JUBILEE ODE—PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

HERE'S been no jubilee that I've attended,
But something calculated to offend the most fastidious was there:
No minstrel show, however watched and tended,
But some bad joke had share—
Some grind, Jew desperate, duplicate intended,
Enough to raise the hair
Upon the oldest living graduate's head
(Though—parenthetically be it said—
I'm told the oldest living graduate's dead):
Jokes bad enough to draw Podsnapper's curse on

The show, and bring a blush to the
cheek of a young person.
Sometimes, when roused to spirit of
repartee,
The end man spared not in his ghoul-
ish glee,
Or age, or sex, or even the Faculty.
What should be done? They met.
They said "Go to:
Let us appoint a censor who shall
view
Each jest beforehand. Eke thereto
he shall
Be present at the merry rehearsál,
To crush whatever poison snake may
lurk
'Neath flowers of wit ambiguous, quip
or quirk."

The judge hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is he;
Nodding their heads before him goes
The nigger minstrelsy.

He listens with a patient smile
Till all the grinds are done.
"This seems indeed to me," he says,
"To be quite harmless fun.

"But will you please expound again
The point of that last pun."
Then up and spake the merry end man,
"In sooth it shall be done."

"Well, go ahead, we'll sample
The remainder of the show,
Which, I repeat, seems innocent
Thus far, though rather slow."

So through the programme, until naught remained,
Each doubtful point was questioned and explained.
Three hours went by—four—five: the tired spectator
Scrawled o'er the whole his desperate *imprimatur*
And fled the scene; and to himself said he:
"If ever more I serve as Jubilee
Committee, judge, or censor, let me be
Anathema: these subtle equivoques,
These double-headed, amphisbænic jokes,

Unto a plain, blunt man are blacker mysteries
Than the conundrums in the Class-day histories
Are to the victim's lady friends: in vain
They call on Fred or Willy to explain
Those passages in his biography
Which lightly touched, can wake such boisterous glee
That the leaves tremble on the tall elm tree."
Thus, lurking where some traverse lent its screen,
Yearly the puzzled censor might be seen
Watching the jokes and wondering what they meant.
In look and gesture proudly eminent,
Thence issuing, with magisterial frown,
He stopped the sermon, called the ballet down,
Or withered with rebuke the Rabelaisian clown.

THE THIMBLES.

EVERYONE who has been through college knows that the real life of the place is not to be found in Commencement Orations, or Wooden-Spoon exhibitions, or Freshman "rushes"; nor even at Springfield regattas and Hamilton Park matches. These are only its showy and boisterous croppings out, which get into the newspapers and form the commonplaces of conversation in college society. The genuine academic life is of finer, quieter, and more enduring essence. It is to be found in

the daily routine of pleasant study; in the life of chums; in the informal meetings of small reading parties or literary clubs; in summer walks and sails; and in vacation visits to the homes of classmates. This life is barren of incident, and yet its sameness is not monotonous. It is almost domestic in its simplicity, and yet the adventurous spirit of youth, the glow of early friendships, and the intellectual atmosphere which it breathes give it the charm of romance. Its appropriate expression must be sought in fiction and poetry—not in books of dry, statistical information.

What are the scenes and the moments to which a Yale man's memory turns back most

fondly when he thinks of his college days? We venture to say that the smell of wood-smoke in his nostrils, and the snap of hickory sticks in his ear, will inevitably bring up the group that sat one night around the old Franklin in South Middle, and watched the firelight flicker on the beam that sagged across the low ceiling. They sat deep into the night, and read deeply in each other's souls, and present and future looked as rosy as their curling pipe-smoke. How readily, under such a genial forcing-process,

> "doth the heart unclose
> Its formal calyx of pretenses,
> Which shut against rude day's offenses,
> And open its shy midnight rose"!

Or he will remember one night going into his coal-closet

with a candle, and suddenly seeing, whittled on the inside of the rude door, a name that makes the heart beat. And, setting down his candle, he feels himself for an instant the chum of greatness, and the homely room becomes "a feasting presence full of light."

Recall that June evening when you loitered up Temple Street, in mingled moonshine and elm-shadow, and in the breath of mignonette from the dusky gardens, and the sound of ladies' voices from some unseen piazza, you caught a sense of the past—something from Willis or "our own Percival," and the days of serenades and sentiment.

The scenery about New Haven—very various, and

richly wooded for the neighborhood of so large a town—leaves indelible impressions on all college walkers. Two ridges or dykes of trap end in the fine precipices known as East and West Rock, each about two miles from the university. These with their intermediate spurs look over the plain in which the city lies. They are covered with a growth of red cedar and juniper. Past the foot of each flows a creek bordered by a narrow strip of salt marsh, the hay-stacks on which have been aptly compared by Dr. Holmes to billiard-balls lying about on their tables. The creeks run into a harbor long and narrow, whose entrance is guarded by a point of rocks, jutting out boldly from the

groves behind and carrying a lighthouse on its back. When the day is clear, you can see from East Rock the white caps beyond the Light, and across the Sound the line of the Long Island sand bluffs. How many a September saunter we remember over the woody Fair Haven hills when the barberries were turning red! How many a draught of the small, small beer at the cheerful toll-gate on the Woodbridge Pike! How many a lazy spring day whittle on the beach at Morris Cove, under the row of half-dead Lombardy poplars, watching the ripples curling in over the sand! Here the vernal impulse would seize us, prompting Homeric voyages to the Thimbles, and making us impatient for the return of those

summer midnights when, in the deadest of calms, we should float up the bay on a flood-tide toward "White's," trying to discover by the phosphorescence in the wake, and by our scarcely receding cigar-smoke as it rose to the stars, whether our rudder was making any progress through the water.

The Thimbles used to be a favorite haunt. These are a group of forty islands in the Sound, some ten miles east of the Light. They were a famous stamping-ground of Captain Kidd, and are fairly classic with traditions of that secretive buccaneer. A bayou opening by a narrow passage into High Island is called Kidd's Harbor. There, says the legend, he lay *perdu* while

His Majesty's cruisers sailed past the entrance. One of those oval depressions in the rocks, known to geologists as "pot-holes," is called Kidd's Punch Bowl. A rusty iron ring and staple in the cliff is supposed to have held the cable of his galley. On Money Island luxuriant crops of the Stinking Herb Robert have sprung up in spots even recently dug over by treasure-seekers.

The very flora of the Thimbles is unique and tropically weird. The cat-tails in the brackish marshes grow to a monstrous size; so do the joints of the prickly-pear cactus, whose yellow blossoms bask over the sunny rocks where we used to race young sand-snipe. I wonder if that old pair of boots

which Punderson left on the top of Gull Rock as a sacrifice to the Venti are standing there yet. They were the last thing we saw, boldly outlined against the crimson eastern sky, on the morning when we said good-by to the Thimbles.

Oh, messmates of the *Triton* and the *Eddy!* most of us are a good many miles inland now. Some of us have trifled with our digestions; all of us, doubtless, have lost the unquestioning appetites of early youth. But shall we ever forget ye, *noctes cœnæque deum?* Forget ye, nectar and ambrosia, coffee and clam-chowder, bluefish and lobster, partaken of at every point of that well-known coast; at Half Mile Island and Branford Point; at Double

Beach and Pine Orchard; at Dickerman's and at Stony Creek? And where not?

The following, which was written in those lotus-eating days, may or may not describe a true occurrence. But—well, strange things have happened at the Thimbles.

THE MERMAID'S GLASS.

'Twas down among the Thimble Isles,
That strew for many liquid miles
The waters of Long Island Sound.
Our yacht lay in a cove; around
The rocky isles with cedars green
And channels winding in between;
And here a low, black reef was spread,
And there a sunken "nigger-head"
Dimpled the surface of the tide.
From one tall island's cliffy side
We heard the shaggy goats that fed.
The gulls wheeled screaming overhead
Or settled in a snowy flock
Far out upon the lonely rock

Which, like a pillar, seemed to show
Some drowned acropolis below.
Meanwhile, in the warm sea about,
With many a plunge and jolly shout,
Our crew enjoyed their morning bath.
The hairy skipper in his wrath
Lay cursing on the gunwale's rim;
He loved a dip, but could not swim;
So, now and then with plank afloat,
He'd struggle feebly round the boat
And o'er the side climb puffing in,
Scraping wide areas off his skin,
Then lie and sun each hirsute limb
Once more upon the gunwale's rim,
And shout, with curses unavailing:
"Come out! There's wind: let's do some sailing!"
A palm-leaf hat, that here and there
Bobbed on the water, showed him where
Some venturous swimmer, outward bound,
Escaped beyond his voice's sound.
All heedless of their skipper's call,
One group fought for the upset yawl.
The conqueror sat astride the keel
And deftly pounded with his heel
The hands that clutched his citadel,
Which showed—at distance—like the shell
Round which, unseen, the naiad train
Sport naked in the middle main.

Myself had drifted far away,
Meanwhile, from where the sail-boat lay,
Till all unbroken I could hear
The waves' low whisper in my ear,
And at the level of mine eye
The blue vibration met the sky.
Sometimes upon my back I lay
And watched the clouds, while I and
they
Were wafted effortless along—
Sudden I seemed to hear a song:
Yet not a song, but some weird strain
As though the inarticulate main
Had found a voice whose human tone
Interpreted its own dull moan;
Its foamy hiss; its surfy roar;
Its gentle lapping on the shore;
Its noise of subterranean waves
That grumble in the sea-cliff caves;
Its whish among the drifting miles
Of gulf-wind from the Indian Isles—
All—all the harmonies were there
Which ocean makes with earth or air.
Turning I saw a sunken ledge
Bared by the ebb, along whose edge
The matted sea-weed dripped: thereon,
Betwixt the dazzle of the sun
And the blue shimmer of the sea,
I saw—or else I seemed to see—

A mermaid, crooning a wild song;
Combing with arm uplifted long
The hair that shed its meshes black
Down the slope whiteness of her back.
She held a mirror in her hand,
Wherein she viewed sky, sea and land—
Her beauty's background and its frame.
But now, as toward the rock I came,
All suddenly across the glass
Some startling image seemed to pass;
For her song rose into a scream,
Over her shoulders one swift gleam
Of eyes unearthly fell on me,
And, 'twixt the flashing of the sea
And the blind dazzle of the sun,
I saw the rock, but thereupon
She sat no longer 'gainst the blue;
Only across the reef there flew
One snow-white tern and vanished too.
But, coasting that lone island round,
Among the slippery kelp I found
A little oval glass that lay
Upturned and flashing in the ray
Of the down-looking sun. Thereto
With scarce believing eyes I drew
And took it captive.

A while there
I rested in the mermaid's lair,

And felt the merry breeze that blew
And watched the sharpies as they flew,
And snuffed the sea's breath thick with brine,
And basked me in the sun's warm shine;
Then with my prize I made my way
Once more to where the sail-boat lay.
I kept the secret and the glass;
By day across its surface pass
The transient shapes of common things
Which chance within its oval brings.
But when at night I strive to sound
The darkness of its face profound,
Again I seem to hear the breeze
That curls the waves on summer seas;
I see the isles with cedars green;
The channels winding in between;
The coves with beaches of white sand;
The reefs where warning spindles stand;
And, through the multitudinous shimmer
Of waves and sun, again the glimmer
Of eyes unearthly falls on me,
Deep with the mystery of the sea.

CHUMS.

HERE is often a tenderness beyond common friendship in the life of college chums; a domestic and almost conjugal relation springs from their little housekeeping. Yet chumlock, like wedlock, is a lottery. I even knew a Junior whose experience had been so unlucky that at last, in a fit of cynical desperation, he advertised for a roommate. The advertisement was inserted under "Matrimonial" in the *College Courant*, and bulletined in the university drug-store. It was answered; but

the saying about college was that Robinson had advertised for a chum in an apothecary's shop and had got a *pill.*

My Freshman chum was from Illinois, though there was nothing about him to suggest the broad prairies of the West. On the contrary, he was niggling, anxious, near-sighted, yet absent-minded withal—so absent-minded, in fact, that once when he started to throw a suit of clothes into his bureau drawer and at the same instant to spit in the fire, he spat in the drawer and threw the clothes in the fire. He kept a journal, to improve what he was pleased to call his "style." I used to read selections from it to classmates who happened to drop in while he was out, and it

never failed to entertain the company. His views of college life had been formed from a reading of that valuable treatise, Todd's "Student's Manual." He was deeply impressed by the necessity of rising at 6 A. M. to prepare the morning lesson, and had bought an alarm-clock to call him early. There was always something irregular about the performances of this timepiece. On going to bed he would set the alarm for six. At first it used to go off at midnight; but he rectified this with such success that it declined to go off at all. He generally awoke of his own accord a little before six, and waited for the alarm to strike. Then, noticing that it was past the hour, he would get up and

set it off himself, and, having thus discharged his duty to the faithful monitor, return to bed and sleep till the seven o'clock prayer-bell rang. He was so near-sighted that without his glasses, which we used sometimes to secrete, he was as helpless as the Phorcydes when their one eye had been borrowed by a neighbor. The bridge of his nose being thin, he was torn in his mind between deciduous glasses, with limber springs, which he was always shedding, and glasses with stiff springs that pinched his nose as in a vise and gradually wore it away till it hung by a thread. His classmates, with that delicate consideration for one another's infirmities which we showed in the con-

sulship of Plancus, called him "Lippus," or "Moon-Smeller." But he was of a self-complacent turn, and defended his position by an article in the *Lit.*, entitled "On the Disadvantages arising from not being Near-Sighted," which was greeted with much derision.

We had obtained, by special favor, an apartment in Old Divinity, half of which building had already been torn down to make room for the foundation of Durfee. The other half was allowed to stand for a while for the accommodation of its lodgers. The north wall of the bedrooms in our section, however, had been cut away, so that, from Elm Street, Divinity showed a raw end, with ampu-

tated timbers sticking out in the air, ragged edges of brick walls and lath-and-plaster partitions, and tiers of interesting interiors exposed, like cuts in old editions of "Le Diable Boiteux," representing the stories of houses in Madrid laid open to the eyes of Asmodeus and his pupil. The modest tenants of the college, of course, brought their bedroom furniture into their studies, and used their bisected dormitories only as balconies, sitting out there in the summer evenings and holding little receptions of friends, who came to smoke a cigar *à la belle étoile* and survey the curious state of the premises. I persuaded my chum to move his bed inside, to sleep and even

to bathe in the study, but he obstinately refused to bring in the rest of his chamber-set. Accordingly, passers-by on Elm Street were daily refreshed by the prospect of a row of trousers, coats, night-shirts, etc., hung upon the outer wall; and every morning, about seven, a mob of mechanics and shop-girls collected to witness my chum perform his toilet in blank unconsciousness that he was become a hissing and a reproach. As he gauged others' vision by his own, he always maintained, when I remonstrated with him, that no one could see him so far away as Elm Street. At last a note from the Faculty obliged him to withdraw his effects into "the estres of the grisly place,"

and to leave nothing for the public gaze beyond a row of hooks, a few chairs, and the outside of the study door.

This chum was a cloth-shoe kind of man. There was a faint odor of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" always about him. He kept an account of his expenditures in a blank-book, containing such entries as "April 19, spent nine cents for postage-stamps; ditto, six cents horse-car fare to East Rock; ditto 20, gave two cents to hand-organ man," etc., etc. He brushed his preposterous clothes assiduously. In winter he wore a red worsted tippet and a cap with a fur button on top. If the ground was wet, he heedfully turned up his trousers about the ankle. If it

threatened snow, he carried an umbrella tied about the waist with a shoe-string. When I watched the figure of my chum thus equipped moving slowly along in front of the colleges, there was something so exasperating about it that I could hardly keep from throwing things at him.

A very different person was my roommate of Sophomore year. His name was Rushton, and he first endeared himself to me by borrowing my tattered copy of Arnold's "Greek Prose Composition," carrying it off to recitation, and bringing me back in its stead a clean copy belonging to a man in his division, named Fitch. On the fly-leaf, right under Fitch's sign manual, Rushton had

written a graceful little dedication in verse, beginning:

"This book was once the book of Fitch,
From out the mazy depths of which
He fished most sweet and ancient Greek,
And made it, dead, alive to speak."

Such useful qualities in a chum were not to be overlooked, and I at once proposed and was accepted. I may say here that personal property in text-books was a right unrecognized *consule Planco.* There was a beautiful community in the aids and appliances of learning, a genuine republic of letters. It was rare to find a man with a text-book in his possession which had his own name on it. I have bought of the unblushing Hoadley—the keeper of the college bookstore

—the same books several times over; books which I recognized as formerly mine, but which had strayed back in some way to their fountain-head. Apropos of this, I find the following entry in the records of the Red Letter Club, in the handwriting of one of our neighbors: "Last Saturday afternoon, B. and R. had another lucrative vendue of books which careless parties have left in their room. I was myself made to pay fifty cents for a wretched old German grammar which, I have every reason to believe, belonged to Campbell." From the proceeds of these auction-sales was formed a sinking fund devoted to the purchase of rabbits and ale. In justice to ourselves, it should be said that

we sometimes invited the—alleged—former owners of the books to share the feast with us. This imperfect development of the institution of private ownership extended even to articles of clothing. There were about a dozen dress suits in the class, and it was found on trial that they would fit everyone equally well. But my chum often complained, while making his toilet of a morning, that I bought my collars too small for his neck. When "the galled jade," as we called our laundress, brought home our week's washing, there was always a pleasing excitement in watching her unload her basket. "Chum, look over the clean filth," Rushton would

call out from the lounge, "and see if there's anything new. I hope she put in some of Harding's handkerchiefs: I like them better than Blake's, and Hubbard's are about played out."

We began housekeeping with five chairs. These were soon reduced to two, and then to one. My chum did not sit in so many chairs at once as Edward Everett's roommate is said to have done. Still, to persons of a sedentary habit, seats of some kind are almost a necessity; and it became a question how we were to replace ours. Presentation Day was our great annual opportunity; for then numbers of chairs were taken out into the entries and the yard, for the

ladies to sit in during the reading of class-histories; and, after the assembly rose and followed the procession to the library to witness the planting of the ivy, the frugal householder who was on the lookout for chairs could get a very good assortment to start the new year with. But Presentation was still far distant when our last chair gave out. In this strait we hinted to our sweep that there were large deposits of chairs stored about college—in the cellar of South, *e. g.*—which at present were merely matter out of place, and that he would deserve well of his country who should put some of them where they would do the most good. The hint was enough. One night we were

awakened by a low, chuckling sound, and by the dim firelight in our outer room we discerned a Senegambian procession, each member of which carried a pair of chairs, which he stood softly upon their feet and then withdrew. It was all like a dream; but next morning there the chairs were, in wood and cane. It was perhaps in part the knowledge of this guilty secret which kept us ever after in thraldom to our aged sweep. He used to chuckle gently, as he dusted the ill-gotten things, and say, with a shake of the head, "This chair gettin' pretty rickety. Good deal like d'ole man: won't las' much longer."

But, indeed, my chum and myself, being both afflicted

with moral cowardice, were shamefully bullied by all our employees. The "galled jade" so wrought upon our feelings by her widowed state and by the two small orphans who sometimes came with her of a Monday and lurked bashfully in the crack of the door, that we paid our wash bills without a murmur, and without the heart to mention the disappearance of that long caravan of shirts and cuffs which she had burned, lacerated, and abstracted at various times. Our sweep, of whom we stood in the most terror, was a smooth old swindler, with a molasses-candy complexion and great elasticity of conscience. Every now and then he would vanish for a week, leaving us to make

the fire and fetch the water. Under the pressure of these chores, desperation brought a kind of boldness.

"Rushton," I would say, "you have got to bully White for this when he comes back."

"No, chum; *you* bully him. I'm afraid."

"So am I afraid."

"Well, let's flip up a cent for it."

"No, sir: it's your turn. I did it last time."

"The deuce you did! I heard what you said to him. Do you call that bullying?"

"Well, then, we'll both do it."

So, when our coffee-colored tyrant appeared at the end of the week, with an obsequious face, but limping and groaning

aloud, as if in pain, I would commence, in a trembling voice, "Well, White, we haven't seen you for quite a while."

"No, sah," he would answer, with a reproachful look; "d'ole man 'mos' lef' you for good dis time. Started to get out of bed las' Monday mornin', and d'lumbago took me awful bad. Haint set foot to de floor sence. Ole man had a mighty narrow shave of it dis time. Wife *she's* been sick, too: got her ole complaint—twistin' of de long bowel, *she* calls it. 'Mos' as bad as d'lumbago 'self."

In face of such accumulated miseries our stern intent dissolved, and, as neither of us ever got courage to dismiss him, things went on as before. We afterward found out that our

sweep was an energetic exhorter at "nigger union." It used to be customary for squads of students to visit that house of worship on Sunday evenings—not, it must be confessed, in an entirely devotional spirit. On one such occasion, our sweep having been absent from his duties several days, presumably tossing upon a bed of pain, we were surprised to see him in the pulpit, sustained on either side by a sturdy deacon, while he called sinners to repentance with an expenditure of horse-power that would have sufficed, if applied along the line of his work, to black our boots for a week and to carry a hogshead of water from the south pump to our bedroom. Whether he recognized us in the congrega-

tion we never knew. He certainly did not change color.

One of the fellest destroyers of chairs was a classmate and frequent visitor, whom we called Thersites. He was a small, light man, and it seemed incredible that he should break so many chairs in a term. But it was his emphasis that did it, rather than his weight. He used the chairs as instruments for expressing that loathing and contempt for most of the class of '69 which he could only imperfectly utter in words. "Ye gods!" he would shout, at the mention of some classmate who, having recently taken a prize in Linonia prize-debate, was spoken of as a sure man for a *Lit.* editorship next year; "Dusenbury a *Lit.* editor!

One of Nature's feeble men! A microcephalous idiot! An ass and the foal of an ass! Rotten pumpkin is granite to Dusenbury!" And *crack* would go a chair.

"Look out, Billy!" we would remonstrate. "Calm yourself; calm yourself. There are worse men in the world than poor Dusenbury."

"Hang your old chair! Oh, you don't suffer from these asses as I do. I tell you, the thought of them is actual physical pain to me."

And, abandoning the wreck of the chair, he would grovel on the floor and groan aloud. Where art thou, oh, Thersites, kindest-hearted of misanthropes? Whither in this asinine world hast thou wandered?

I would thou wert even now before me:

> "That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
> Unpolicied."

For Thersites was no respecter of persons.

Our stove was a grate whose modest dimensions gave no token of an appetite so abnormal that Rushton declared it had a tape-worm. When well fed it gave out too much heat—became, in fact, as my chum complained, "a young hell on legs"; and when we sat around it discussing theology on Sunday evenings, the Lares and Penates seemed to dance visibly upon the miniature iron hearth, like imps before the threshold of their

home of pain. When times were flush, we glutted its maw with the best of Lehigh; but during the third quarter of a term there comes a slack time in college finances, when it is impossible to borrow and hard to get tick. Then we were driven to fill the vacuum in our coal-bin by witty expedients. First we consumed spare articles of furniture, portions of the college fence, etc. At last we had recourse to the partitions of our coal-closet. As our neighbors practiced similar economies, postern gates and intricate passages from room to room were opened through the walls, which were often convenient when a sudden attack by the Faculty on one entry made it

prudent to escape into another. The chief objection to the planking of our coal-closets, considered as fuel, was the length of the timbers. We had no means of reducing these to the right size except by putting the ends of the beams in the stove and resting the other ends on a semicircle of chairs in the middle of the room. As the boards burned down, we shoved them farther in, and the half-circle of chairs, with a constantly diminishing radius, approached nearer and nearer to the stove, until the planks reached a shortness that enabled them to go into the grate; and then we occupied the chairs ourselves and pantingly inhaled the smoke with which this process had filled the room.

As to our bedstead, very exaggerated rumors were current in the class, traceable to the secretary of the Red Letter Club, who, having once had a glimpse of our penetralia, brought back into the outer world the following injurious report:

"The room itself is a sort of chaos of seedy valises, broken chairs, candle-boxes, decayed boots, and valueless raiment; while a very chaotic thing indeed is the iron bedstead, with three legs, aërated bedding, and flaming quilts."

Now, some support may have been given to this slander by our having bestowed upon our bedstead the pet name of Tripos. But this was not meant to be accurately descrip-

tive: the fourth leg was there, though not usually in working order. Those who are familiar with the anatomy of an iron bedstead know that the legs are kept upright by a peg inserted in a hole at the junction of the leg with the horizontal frame of the structure. This peg was missing in the case of our southeast leg. We had replaced it by a nail, which slipped out and disappeared; then by a lead-pencil, which broke. Finally, we gave it up, and allowed that corner of the couch to repose gently upon the floor. This gave an angle to our slumbers of about fifteen degrees—the same which is given by the "Adirondack Patent Camp Lounge." We grew in time to prefer this

slight slope to the strictly horizontal plane of ordinary beds, and made no further efforts to restore the fourth leg to a vertical position. Originally my chum had possessed a wooden four-poster of his own, but this had disappeared about the middle of Sophomore year. Whether, like Margery Daw, he had sold it in a moment of recklessness, or whether we had used it for fuel, I have forgotten. I only know that in very cold weather, when our coal-bin was low, the life of any wooden thing at No. — North College was apt to be a short one.

Through Junior year I continued nominally to room with Rushton. But in the second term a difference of opinion

between the Faculty and myself on the subject of my attendance at morning prayers forced me to pitch my tent outside the College Yard. Under a strict construction of the law I should have gone away from New Haven altogether; but this would have been inconvenient. I therefore satisfied the spirit of my sentence by retiring to a country-seat on the Canal Railroad, which was remote enough to amount to a practical banishment, though technically within the limits of the town. I owed this suburban asylum to the hospitality of a friend in the Sheffield Scientific School, who had lived a life of retirement there for over a year. I stayed with him for a month or more, and

the episode was unique in my college life. The home of my rustication was an old-fashioned house, with high pitched roof and dormer windows, standing in a grove of pines, among whose murmurous needles the March wind made all day and night a sound as of the sea. There was a decayed garden, with box borders and althæa trees. The front gate was spanned by a wooden arch, which gave a triumphal effect to the simple act of entering the yard. Behind the house was a hill covered with woods, and in front, at the distance of a few rods, ran the railway. We were as secluded from the currents of college life, or indeed from the life of the city whose factory whistles blew close by, as if we

had sojourned on the highest hill-top of Litchfield County. Never by any chance did a tutor or a student stray our way. Mechanics with their tin pails went up and down the railway-track at morning and evening. The few neighbors who dwelt beyond us in the same valley passed the house occasionally. But the farmers driving in or out of town took the highroad on the ridge behind us, or the long boulevard a quarter of a mile beyond the railway. Hardly a dozen vehicles a day disturbed the dust in front of our garden fence.

My host—and chum for the nonce—was a man of intense application. He was taking a course in the chemical labora-

tory, and he disappeared every morning after breakfast and returned to dinner in the evening, lunching in town to save time. Thus I was alone all day. The season was early spring, the weather raw and blustering; so I stayed indoors and read steadily. My chum's room was a pleasant one, with a high ceiling and an open fireplace. The walls were hung with trophies of a year's survey in Arizona—a water canteen, a Mexican stirrup, a lasso which reflected the firelight from its coils of hard, shining leather, and cheerful photographs of débris slopes, cañons, alkaline deserts, and sage bushes. After reading myself into shreds and beginning to yield to the drowsiness produced by the

singing of the logs in the fire and the monotonous rattle of the window sash in the wind, I would get into my overcoat about five o'clock and set out for a constitutional and an appetite against the dinner hour. It would not do to be seen in New Haven, and so, for fear of peripatetic tutors, I confined my walks mostly to the railroad track, which ran out through Newhallville into the flat agricultural region beyond. The Canal Railroad—"the raging canawl," as my chum called it—was not without a quiet picturesqueness of its own. 'Twas a leisurely and primitive road. The trains which occasionally appeared upon it, proceeding northward in a deliberate manner, seemed

not to obey any time schedule, but to start whenever there were people enough at the station to make up a carful—country neighbors, in the main, I should judge, returning from a day's shopping in town. And the conductor, having noted their familiar faces on the down trip in the morning, would obligingly wait till he was sure they were all on board for the home voyage before he gave the signal to get under way. I often followed, in fancy, the progress of one of these *Bummelzüge* as it disappeared in the horizon. I thought of all the little be-whittled wooden station houses by which it would pause, each with Something-*ville* painted on a board over the door; of

the lonely country roads where the inevitable farmer, jogging homeward in his wagon, would sit waiting at the crossing for the cars to pass; of the back-door yards—chickens roosting on the telegraph wire—where it would slow up to deliver a letter or bundle to a woman in a check apron coming down to to the fence from the kitchen door; and how then it would leave the region of villages altogether and come to where the grass begins to grow between the sleepers, and the train, going slower and slower in the gathering dusk, would finally come to a standstill in a wide plain, with no house in sight. Once I even boarded a train and rode for two or three stations. There was only

one passenger car, and it had, as I had expected, a domestic air—more like a private parlor, or say the conference room of a country meeting house, than like a rail car. The passengers all appeared to know one another. Two or three of them who stood on the platform addressed the solitary brakeman as "Charlie." The conductor, after going through the form of taking up my ticket, sat down and conversed with different acquaintances. He had the reposeful manner of one who knew that there was no chance of a collision on that road, that the track was clear from terminus to terminus.

A good tramp up the track and down again, with a glass of new ale and a butter-cracker at

the grocery in Newhallville (a resort of merit, where was much real life going on), shook off the afternoon's drowsiness, and put me in trim for dinner, when my chum arrived with books from the library, news from Academus, the daily papers, and sometimes letters from confiding parents, who figured me still dwelling at No. — North Middle College, on the "second stage of discipline," and knew not, alas! that I had already entered the purgatory of that third and final stage. My chum's budget came like "hints and tokens of the world to spirits folded in the womb." For in truth the loneliness of my existence began to wear upon me. It was that time of year when the lengthening days

bring no vernal thoughts, but the pale, cold light lingers cheerlessly over the naked landscape. The spring is full of hope, but from the middle of March to the middle of April it is hope deferred, and the melancholy twilights are full of disquiet and regret. A fatiguing wind blows continually; cold, but with no tonic in its coldness such as the winds of autumn have. From the ditches along the railway embankment, the bed of the old Hamden and Hampshire Canal, and from the ponds and swamps of the level land, rose the croak of frogs, subdued to a monotonous ring as of distant sleigh-bells, and giving fit expression to the feeling of the season and the hour.

This interregnum chum of mine was a man of Spartan habits. To keep himself in trim for work, every morning before breakfast he ate a soda cracker (by way of foundation), ran a mile, and returning, took a cold bath in his hat-tub. We slept in a wintry room under the roof, and often he would wake me by his yells as the icy water poured down his back. The instrument of his torture was a sponge, which he had brought with him from his boyhood's home. It was originally, I think, a carriage sponge. At all events, like Captain Costigan's hair-brush, it was "an ancient and wondrous piece," having the softness and absorbent power of pumice stone. The water poured through its

perforations without soaking into its cellular tissue in the least, while its surface rasped the skin like a strigil. Long practice and an intimate knowledge of the *dip* of the labyrinths and galleries that honeycombed this monumental rock-work enabled its owner to carry up about half a pint of water in it. But a red artillerist in the class, who once partook of our hospitalities over-night, and was invited to use the sponge in the morning, spoke of it bitterly as a "d—d breech-loading nutmeg grater." My chum tried to persuade me to eat a cracker and run, but I preferred my exercise in a more conservative shape. As to the bath, I agreed with him in principle, but my practice was more flexible than

his own, varying somewhat with the temperature. He said that a man who didn't have at least one tub a day was a cad. But I asked him whether he supposed that Sir Philip Sidney committed total immersion daily. In Germany, I afterward noticed, a bath is not undertaken in this *leichtsinnig* way of ours, but only with medical advice and after long and prayerful consideration.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all my chums was he of Senior year. Barlow had a vivid though prosaic imagination, which delighted in grotesque and sometimes loathsome images. I once heard him gravely declare that, having been in Switzerland while a boy, he had seen a crétin

wheeling his goître before him on a wheelbarrow. It was Barlow who fixed upon one of the tutors the name of Glass-legs. He asserted that the tutor in question was possessed of a delusion that his legs were made of glass, and that, at seasons when his monomania became acute, he clamored aloud to be laid in sawdust. He said that he once met him on Chapel Street carrying a large covered basket on his arm, and that, stopping to speak with him for a moment, he accidentally jostled the basket, whereupon his interlocutor, glancing nervously at his precious burden, said in an impressive whisper, "Be careful, please; this basket contains my legs, and they are very

brittle. A slight jar might produce fracture."

Barlow also asserted that he was present once at morning chapel when Tutor Cosine, whose duty it was to conduct the exercises, began his prayer as follows: "O Thou who dost cause the planets to revolve in their elliptical orbits—the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance." His imagination was so much in excess of his learning that it often led him into difficulties at examinations and otherwise. Thus, at Sophomore annual, when the Faculty made their usual unsuccessful effort to drop him, he had got a passage from the "Agamemnon," descriptive of that hero's assassination by

Clytemnestra, in which occurred the line,

βάλλει μ' ἐρεμνῇ ψακάδι φοινίας δρόσου.

("He strikes me with a black drop of bloody dew.")

Barlow knew that *βάλλειν* meant "to strike," but the rest of the line was Greek to him. At last a reminiscence of the Cyclops and the Odyssey of Freshman year came athwart his mind, and he wrote triumphantly, "He strikes me with a smooth stick of green peeled olive-wood."

He was also somewhat defective in logic. He had exhausted his ingenuity in framing excuses for absence from prayers. Thrice had the nose-bleed overtaken him just as he was entering the sacred portals.

Twice he had fallen prostrate in a puddle when the bell was on its last strokes. Once a bee had stung him on the eyelid at the same critical moment. Accordingly, having made a resolution to sleep over no more, he wrote on a slip of paper, "Dunham, wake me at 6.45," and put it in a conspicuous place where the sweep would see it in the morning. The faithful Dunham obeyed instructions to the letter, and I was awakened myself at the hour mentioned by bad language from my chum's bedroom.

"What's loose?" I inquired.

"That blasted nigger woke me up, and it's only a quarter of seven."

"Well, you left a notice

for him to wake you, didn't you?"

"Yes; but I thought he couldn't read."

Barlow was a lazy man—so much so that, having occasion for frequent profanity when studying his mathematical lessons, he had written on the wall near the head of the lounge, where he usually lay, a double column of imprecations. A single glance at this, he said, was equivalent to half a dozen swears, on the principle of the Chinese praying machine, and saved him the labor of iteration. If he had put half the time into study that he put into contriving "skinning" apparatus for examinations, he might have taken the Valedictory. This apparatus was often of

great intricacy, and depended on a delicate adjustment of chances. One of his plans, *e. g.*, made it necessary for the operator to secure a seat near the window of the examination-room. From this, which must be providentially open, he was to lower his question-paper to the ground by a string. There it was to be received by two classmates strong in mathematics, who were to work out the problems and write the solutions on another piece of paper. A fourth conspirator was then to knock at the door of the examination-room and distract the examiner's attention by handing him a long telegram, dispatched for the nonce by a fifth accomplice dwelling in suspension at Stam-

ford. Under cover of this diversion, and at a signal from below, the operator was to hoist away on his string and bring in the paper of solutions. My chum spent hours in polishing this scheme and perfecting all its details. It attained a certain ideal symmetry and even a poetic beauty under his hands. It set in motion such numbers of men, and required such simultaneous convergence upon strategic points, that it affected the imagination like the evolutions of armies. It was a pity that the examiner innocently defeated the scheme by assigning seats in alphabetical order, which brought my chum far from the window of his hope. The two confederates mighty in mathematics waited long

under the Lyceum wall, and wondered why tarried the wheels of his chariot. In vain the exile of Stamford sent a long and very expensive telegram, praying for a shortening of his suspension. The message remained in the pocket of Fourth Murderer, who found his occupation gone. By such simple means do the gods confound the vain imaginations of men.

Barlow was also of a cheerful and sanguine poverty. He would waste his substance by heating pennies on the stove and tossing them out of the window among a crowd of "muckers," rejoicing when they greedily picked up the hot coins and then dropped them with cries of grief and

rage. Once he broke up an orphan procession returning from Sunday-school by flinging a shower of coppers into the muddiest part of Chapel Street, by South College. And one day, on the fence, he bought out, for the sum of twenty-five cents to him in hand paid, the entire stock in trade of a lemonade-peddler, on condition entered into by Johnny Roach, the newsboy of Morocco Street, that he would drink the whole. There was about a gallon, and such a prospect of unlimited sensual enjoyment had probably never entered into Johnny's wildest dream. He drank the first half of his contract with unflagging gusto. His sense of duty carried him manfully

through the third quart; but the only thing that sustained him in the last quadrant of the job was the thought that if he left a single drop undrunk he would hereafter regret his wasted opportunity. Presently he writhed upon the sward in awful agonies, and extorted from my terrified chum another twenty-five cents wherewith to buy brandy for an antidote.

It was during Senior year that my stand ran down from a Philosophical to a First Dispute. "Company—villainous company—hath been the spoil of me." My previous roommates had few followers, and I could study in peace. But Barlow was of a gregarious turn, and his friends swarmed

upon us like myrmidons. They respected neither the age and infirmity of our furniture, nor the sacred ties of blood. One afternoon I heard sounds of ribaldry as I approached my room, and inside I found a crowd busy in target-practice. With my new pair of compasses they were spearing, at ten paces, a card nailed to the coal-closet door, which turned out on examination to be the photograph of the Rev. Erastus Buel, a remote collateral relative, which they had taken from my album.

My chum was fain to be a sporting-man. He bought a small Scotch terrier, which he used to drag about the yard on the end of a string, where it looked like a fur muff. The

keeping of dogs was contrary to regulations; but the tutor in our entry, who roomed directly under us, good-naturedly winked at the offense. But one day, disturbed by a boxing-match overhead between Barlow and a visitor, he called to remonstrate, and mistaking Shagbark for the door-mat, undertook to wipe his feet on him, and was chewed as to the calf-part. Shag, thus rudely brought to the notice of authority, could no longer be ignored, and Barlow had to sell him to a local fancier.

In the matter of visitors, it is apt to be in college very much as in a large city: one has not necessarily much acquaintance with the men in one's own entry, unless, indeed, the entry

has been "packed." The only one of our immediate neighbors in Senior year with whom we constantly forgathered was Nimrod in the adjoining entry, with whose premises we established a back-door communication by breaking down the partition of the coal-closet. Before this was done, rumors of Nimrod had been wafted through the wall, exciting guesses as to his probable character. One day, going into my coal-closet, I heard a groan as of someone in pain, on the other side of the partition, and, listening intently, distinguished these words repeated over and over again: "I'm a plain, blunt man; I'm a plain, blunt man."

Fearing for our neighbor's sanity, I made inquiries about

him, and learned that he practiced declamation in his room, and that, emulating Demosthenes, he wore pebbles in his mouth at recitation. When we finally penetrated the wall that sundered us and entered into personal intimacy with Nimrod, we found him a person of traits. He was a patriotic class and society man, and used his oratorical talent with effect in class meetings. He was reported to have spoken eloquently when initiated into Psi Upsilon, and to have exclaimed, tapping himself upon the breast, "Mr. President, I know not how others may feel on this occasion, but there's a little lump of flesh right here that is one mass of love for Psi Upsilon." He had devised and caused to be

engraved a class coat-of-arms bearing the legend, "One link shall bind us ever: we were classmates at old Yale." He vainly tried to get my cynical chum to subscribe for a copy of this, reproaching him with a lack of class spirit. "Fifty cents for a class-poster?" Barlow would answer. "Four excellent cigars for a class-stamp? Ten glasses of beer for a dashed old pasteboard with a lying motto on it? Go to the bond-holder, thou sluggard: I can't afford such frivolities."

Nimrod was likewise a mighty hunter of memorabilia, and, in company with our eminent philatelist, who had a similar weakness, scoured the university in search of relics. He had

an unrivaled collection in his room, and once imperiled his life to add to it the hour-hand of the clock on Lyceum Tower. Owing to the supineness of the Time Service Department, this indicator had been walking over the course in solitary state for nearly a month, its livelier sister having been borne off by a bold Freshman. Before Nimrod captured the surviving pointer it was possible to form an approximate notion of the time of day. After that there remained nothing but a nubbin, which continued its inane revolutions at the center of the dial for a month or two more. But Nimrod's favorite bit of memorabil, and one of which he always spoke with a quiet rapture, was a Junior Exhibition

Programme of the Class of 1810. It had an engraving of a corpulent winged female haling a similar allegorical figure toward a pavilion perched on a roll of solid cloud. Underneath was the inscription, "Genius conducted by Learning to the Temple of Fame."

The mention of this work of art reminds me to speak of our wall decorations. These were entirely the contributions of my several chums, and were all characteristic. In Senior year they consisted of Barlow's foils and boxing-gloves, photos of favorite actresses and of the crew and the nine, colored lithographs of celebrated American trotters, etc. In Freshman year they were mostly worsted wall-baskets and slipper-cases,

embroidered pen-wipers, watch-pockets in bead-work, and other creations of the needle furnished by female adherents of my chum who dwelt in the remote wild West. In Sophomore year only had we been really æsthetic, Rushton having produced from his trunk and hung upon the wall a number of pictures, mostly without frames, —a circumstance which, he said, was high-toned and gave them an air of the artist's studio. One of these was a photographic copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration." Another was a small black oil, invisible save in a strong light, when it yielded a dim human form doing something with a wine-glass. This, Rushton said, was "The Wine-Taster," a genuine

Smith. And when I complained that it was impossible to see it, he explained that that was design. "Don't you notice the dank cellar-light?" he asked; "how wonderfully the subterranean effect is rendered?"

When we came to break up housekeeping at the end of Senior year, we found the process a simple one. Such of our effects as were salable we sold to the Irishwomen who go about the colleges picking up bargains a week or two before Commencement — when the elms are so bestuck with parti-colored furniture advertisements that they seem to have on ragged and patched stockings to the knee. What was unsalable we abandoned to the sweeps. I remember my last

night in the dismantled room, where the slanting bedstead and debilitated chairs stood about confusedly on the bare floor. It was the evening of Presentation Day. The class histories had been read, the ivy planted, the parting ode sung. The class had marched around with the band, cheering each of the old buildings in turn, and had then broken ranks forever. I had taken supper with my chum, and bidden him good-by at the station, being about to leave myself on the following morning. The entry was quite deserted when I climbed the staircase to our room. I had no lamp, so I lit a cigar, and, sitting down in the dark, by the open window, listened to the din of the summer insects

and the rustle of the breeze in the elms. The crowd of the afternoon had dispersed, and the yard was quite still. Most of the underclassmen had gone away some days before, and only a few lights glimmered along the college row. At the formal leave-taking in Alumni Hall, where many of the fellows had been "all broke up," I had felt no emotion; and my chum and myself had agreed, in talking it over at supper, that the ceremony was not in good taste. One is always apt to resent a set occasion for grief and to refuse to honor any such draft on the feelings, just as one takes a perverse pleasure in declining to be impressed to order by a famous landscape or picture or cathedral. The soul

must take its own time. But now, as I sat alone in the deserted room and realized that a pleasant chapter of life was closed, that youth was over and friends were gone, and that I must put forth on the morrow from the green shelter of Alma Mater, I discovered that I had struck deeper roots in the life of the last four years than I had even suspected.

It suited our mood to talk lightly of many things in those ancient times. In our view of one another we affected a certain humorous exaggeration, which I have here tried to reproduce. Young men of our race have a wholesome shame of making a fuss about their deeper feelings. "We never," says Thoreau, "exchange more

than three words with a friend in our lives on that level to which our thoughts and feelings almost habitually rise. One goes forth prepared to say, 'Sweet friends,' and the salutation is, 'Damn your eyes!'" It should not, therefore, be thought that the prevailing attitude among us was one of levity. In college life and friendships, under a mask of reserve there is much of true sentiment, and even of romance. The freshness of hope and the stir of newly awakened thought shed a glamour over what would otherwise be a dull routine.

"'Tis the May light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom."

In later life our friendships become worldlier. We distrust

our impulses, and accept the conventional estimates of men; respecting success, cultivating those who may advantage us, forming business connections. We learn, too, a larger charity, and discover good in people whom we once thought intolerable. We discipline our instincts, teaching them to like here and dislike there. But alas for the unconsidering, unhesitating scorn or enthusiasm of our college days, when everyone was either "a perfectly bully fellow" or else "a beastly pill!"

EATING-CLUBS.

F a varied and painful experience entitles one to speak, I may reckon myself an authority in this branch of the curriculum. I have eaten, or striven to eat, at fourteen different mangers in the City of Elms. There are houses in many streets which I cannot pass even now without a feeling of indigestion.

My initiation into college eating-clubs happened in the fall of 1865, in my Freshman year. Our first steward was a man who had been reared

on the sandiest part of Long Island. He sailed over to college in an oyster sharpie, and, having lived mainly on codfish, his notions of a bill of fare were colored by early prejudice. On our breakfast table the succulent fishball—of commerce—alternated with "picked-up" codfish. For dinner the cod was sometimes boiled and sometimes it was baked and stuffed, thus giving a cheerful variety to the *menu*.

Our steward, as we afterward learned, was a poet. He had written an epic in numerous cantos, the manuscript of which nearly filled his trunk. He read selections from it to a member of the club, who reported it as containing a description of Aurora driving

her steeds up the eastern sky. He never showed me this poem, but one evening he came into my room with a rolling eye and asked me to suggest the name of some bird in two syllables, with the accent on the first syllable. He wanted it for a description of evening, thus:

> The dew-drops drip, the moon is dim,
> The flits from limb to limb.

It must be a bird of nocturnal habits, and he sternly rejected "swallow," "blue-jay," and several others which I proposed, as untrue to the ornithological requirements of the case. My chum then suggested "owl," as being beyond all question a bird of night, and explained that it might

be stretched into two syllables for the nonce, so as to be pronounced "owel." The poet doubted whether poetic license could extend so far; besides, he had already used "owl" in a previous stanza. Finally, I said that I knew of one bird which might answer—to wit, the night-hawk. I was not certain whether it was accustomed to flit from limb to limb, but I knew that it flew up into the sky at twilight, and then opening its mouth, dropped down about forty feet, producing a booming sound which was highly impressive. But he shook his head sadly as he left the room, saying that he was afraid he could not get all that into the stanza without altering several lines, which would

cause him a great deal of labor.

We wished that the dinners which the poet provided for us might display a bolder imagination than they did; but at the end of three weeks he announced that he was losing money, and the club disbanded. He himself fled over the wan water to his island home, but left behind him an immortal fame; for it was he who, in Horace recitation, translated that passage in "Ad Fontem Bandusiæ"—

> amabile
> Fessis vomere tauris—

as "a pleasing place for the tired bullocks to vomit."

One of the members of this club came from the anthracite

regions of Pennsylvania. He ate with his knife, and his grammar was none of the best. My chum, who was a fastidious man, was made unhappy by his presence at the table. He always spoke of him to me as "the coal-heaver," and sometimes he would correct his English, saying, "Plum, in my country we pronounce that word *calm*—not *cam*"; or, "Plum, in good society the past tense of the verb *see* is usually *saw*—not *seen*." At last the coal-heaver threatened to punch my chum's head, and the latter withdrew from the club a week before it broke up. At the end of Freshman year he even withdrew from college altogether, and sought the more congenial soil of Harvard. He

really could not stay at Yale any longer and preserve his self-respect. At Junior exhibition, he asserted, one of the speakers had said "tremenjus," and yet the audience had remained quietly in their seats. What would Dr. Holmes have said to this?

In Junior year, when my division-officer told me I had sixty-four marks, and urged my temporary retirement from New Haven, I took occasion to visit my quondam chum at Cambridge. He and his friends were very hospitable, and kindly did everything to make my stay pleasant. At the club where he boarded, the young gentlemen addressed each other not as "Skinny" or "Lippus," nor even as "Tom" or "Dick,"

but more politely, as "Thomas" and "Richard." I asked my chum whether sometimes in the lonely watches of the night, when he lay awake and communed with his soul, he did not regret having exchanged the freedom of Yale manners for a state of society where fellows said "demme!" when they wanted to swear, and where they called one another by the unabbreviated names which their sponsors did give them in baptism.

But he answered, "No; certainly not. Thebes," he said:

> "Thebes did his raw, unknowing youth engage:
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

And he alluded sadly to the coal-heaver as a representative Yale man.

I next joined a club where my *sodales* were mostly Andover boys. The place of our sufferings was a house at the corner of High and Elm streets, where the Peabody now stands. "The great university has since planted its stone foot over all that region." The house was famous in tradition as the spot where the Crocodile Club used to feed, one of whose members shot the fireman in '58, as is duly set forth in that graceful work of fiction, "Four Years at Yale." But in our Freshman year the building was mainly noted as the headquarters of Bill Henderson's faction—our member from Kentucky, who had rooms upstairs.

Bill's apartment was like the bothie of a Highland chief.

During the day there were seldom less than a dozen of his clan on hand, and at night about six retainers slept on different parts of the floor or furniture. The great South-west was largely represented. There were T., the Texan ranger, and B., the bushwhacker of Boone County, who fell—alas! too early lost—in the grand rush by Trinity Church, besides many others from the border States to the Gulf. Some of these gentlemen had fought in the late unpleasantness on the Union side, and some on the Confederate; but in Bill's room they met on common ground to play auction pitch for banana stakes, and to talk over those college politics in which the comparatively unim-

portant issues of the Civil War were forgotten. It was here that the great coalition was hatched between Psi Upsilon and Alpha Delta Phi, which convulsed the class for several terms.

A flavor of old rye pervaded the air. If you sat down anywhere, you sat on a pipe, a "pony," or a pack of cards. It was always a mystery how or when the frequenters of Bill's learned their lessons; and, to do them justice, they seldom did. There was an air of infinite leisure till someone happening to look at his watch would say, "By thunder, boys, it's ten minutes to recitation!" Then the cards would be thrown on the floor, Bulger would cease his strumming on

the banjo, and a general cry would go up, "Where's my pony?" And there would be a scattering to various rooms in the neighborhood in search of someone to read out the lesson.

The Andover club proving too expensive, I next resorted to "Swish's," a huge hash-house, or *Theologischer Freitisch*, where the impecunious Theolog jostled the impecunious Freshman. A chief dish here was liver, from which the club was nicknamed the "livery stable." The tables were long and crowded, and it was with a painful anxiety that we at the lower end watched the slow progress down the board of the maiden who came bearing the plate of

hot breakfast cakes in that too, too brief interval between the first and second prayer-bells. Our steward was a medical student who was playfully called the Unjust Steward, or sometimes the Knave of Clubs. He is now no more; and I can say, without one revengeful thought, "Peace to his hashes!"

About this time I heard that a club was being formed on an economical plan, designed to furnish good plain board, without desserts of pastry and such flummery. I threw in my fortunes with the reformers. The purveyor's name was not Sardine, but he was so called by the irreverent, who also spoke of the club as "the sardine box." Our diet here would

have pleased Dr. Graham or Mr. Bronson Alcott. Cracked wheat and other kinds of chicken feed abounded. Flesh appeared mostly in the somewhat indirect forms of bologna sausage and mutton broth. The home of the club was a cellar in College Street, and the scene at meal times is not inaptly described in Sydney Smith's picture of Rogers' dinner party—"Darkness and gnashing of teeth."

Perhaps it was due to the area of depression in which our dining room was situated that there was so little conversation at this club. The silence was broken only by a person from Vermont, who called out now and then, "Parse the sweet'-nin'." My right-hand neighbor

was a man of fierce and gloomy temperament, and, as he walked back to college after dinner, he used to revile the fare most bitterly. He called the club a cracker club, and the basement dining room he spoke of as "that blank cracker hole," and he threatened to leave. I was constrained to admit that the cracker played too large a part in our repasts. But my left-hand neighbor, who had served in the army, took the military view of the situation. He said, "Fatwood, you talk like a man with wooden teeth. We've agreed to try this experiment of a mess at four dollars and thirty cents a week, and you ought to stick to the flag and not back out, at least before the close of the term."

"You take that ground," retorted Fatwood, "because Sardine is a Gamma Nu man. It's a Gamma Nu hole, anyway. Just look at the crowd, will you? B. and I are the only Sigma Eps men in it."

(I ought to explain that Gamma Nu and Sigma Epsilon were rival debating societies of Freshman year. I am told that they no longer exist. I hope that they did not die without first settling the question, "Whether the Indian or the negro had suffered most at the hands of the white man.")

One by one the members of the cracker club paid their bills like the Arabs, and silently stole away. The Major remained, like Casabianca, at the post of duty whence all but

him had fled—all but him and the steward. He confided to me afterward that his hunger during the last week or two was awful.

In Sophomore year a few of us embarked upon the enterprise of a select club which should give really good board at a moderate price. The steward was enthusiastic. He knew it could be done. He showed us figures which proved that the club could be run in such a way as to enrich the landlady without either starving or impoverishing the boarders. We were young and sanguine, and we tried the experiment. We called our club, somewhat boastfully, "The House of Lords," — a title which looked swell in the *Yale*

Banner. At the end of three weeks the steward broke his leg, and was put to bed in the room next to our dining room, where his groans made an appetizing accompaniment to the meals. We resolved to go on with the club notwithstanding, taking the stewardship turn and turn about. At the end of the term we cast up accounts, and found that we were ruined. By this time the steward had recovered the use of his limbs, and wanted us to continue the experiment. He explained to us why it had failed hitherto and why under his management it was sure to succeed in the future. But we had had enough of it.

From the House of Lords I fell to the Commons. Here I

found a strangely mixed company. Most of the patients had gone there, like myself, out of premeditated poverty; but others were there as in a sort of purgatory, doing penance for the extravagances of first term and hoping to get out again as soon as the governor should send a check. Nu Tau Phi bummers were there, ex-members of the "Pie Club," or of the "Twelve Apostles," who had wasted their substance at poker or at Eli's billiard tables, or who, having bet on the Yale crew at Worcester, had borrowed large sums to pay up with and were now living on the interest of their debts. They generally held out but a few weeks at the Commons, where the only thing eatable or

drinkable was the milk. And finally this began to taste of onions. I inquired of my neighbor—a philosopher who had long frequented the Commons—why this was thus, and he told me that the cows in certain swampy pastures ate greedily of a species of wild garlic. He mentioned that the botanical name of this interesting vegetable was *Allium vineale;* and he added that he had become, through use and wont, rather fond of a slight flavor of onion in his milk.

My distinguished classmate the author of "Four Years at Yale," and formerly the first pen in Philately on the American continent, lodged nearly opposite the college Commons, and he used to allege—with that ex-

aggeration which is said to be the characteristic of American humor—that every day, after dinner, ambulances drove up to the Commons door to take away the boarders who were weak from hunger and unable to walk.*

In Junior year a number of us made up a table for German conversation and boarded with Herr Deining—a name pleasantly suggestive of the twofold object of the club. To stimulate ourselves to the acquirement of the foreign tongue in question, we made a rule that whoever spoke English at table should pay a fine of five cents a

* "Triennial Pome":

"The other evening, just when tea is o'er
And ambulances crowd the Commons door," etc.

word. In consequence of this a profound stillness reigned, broken only by such colloquial idioms as, "Wollen Sie noch ein Stückchen Fleisch, Herr C.?" or, "Bitt' um das Brod, Herr D." We called ourselves "Die Junggesellen," which was generally interpreted by our classmates as "The Young Gazelles." If few of us acquired a taste for our host's *Kartoffel-salad* and *Apfel-kuchen*, we were at any rate grateful to him forasmuch as he never employed his carving-knife as a toothpick—a thing that actually happened at another German club that I knew of.

The last college eating-club that I belonged to was the "Water Club," formed in third

term Senior. The name referred, not to the club's temperance principles, but to its chief article of food. Other dishes than water did appear on the table, but were seldom disturbed. This was an economical arrangement for the landlady, who was thereby enabled to put the same roast before us on several successive days. It was apropos of such a reappearance that Cheir the Great used to say to the waiter, "This dinner has been eaten once. Take it away! take it away!" Cheir was the autocrat of our breakfast table—a portly swell, with a striking likeness to George IV. He afterward became a ritualist minister, and was known as the "wickedest theolog." As such he used to wear

a high clerical vest, buttoning to the throat, and he would recommend the fashion to his friends, saying, "Perfectly bully thing to save wash bills. Don't have to wear any shirt. Just button your collar on a wart on your neck, and everyone thinks you've got a shirt on."

The mention of Cheir reminds me of the conversation at our club tables. It was very bad. The undergraduate newspapers—which kindly help the Faculty to carry on the college—had a stereotyped editorial on this subject. They attributed the poor quality of college table talk to the marking system. Perhaps it was the marking system, but at the clubs where I boarded any allusion

to the "curric" was promptly resented with cries of "Fen shop! Fen shop!"* The Gamma Nu club, composed of "digs," was in some sort an exception; but even there the references to the intellectual occupations of student life seldom took a higher flight than, "They say Smith is ahead for the Valedictory: Brown has made two flunks this term." Or, "Do you feel good to-night? made three rushes to-day? Awful tough lesson in spherics for to-morrow," etc.

At many of the clubs the favorite talk was of the nature of "gags," so called. For example, A., glancing over the

* *I. e.*, I defend or forbid (French *défendre*), as in the game of marbles, "Fen ebbs!" or "Fen drops!"

morning paper at breakfast, would say to B., his fellow-conspirator, "Queer thing about that man in Hartford."

On which B., assisting in the plot, would ask, "What man?"

Whereto A. would reply, "Why, that man that's been lying two days in the street, and the Catholics won't let him be buried."

Upon which C., an unwary third party, would inquire, "*Why* won't they let him be buried?"

A.: "Because he isn't dead."

Omnes (gleefully): "Gag on C.! Sold again, C.! Drinks for the crowd."

C.: "Not at all a gag! not at all! He said 'that *dead* man'; leave it to anybody if he didn't say *dead* man."

And the rest of the meal-time would be taken up by discussions as to whether the gag had been fairly "got" on C. or not.

Another common diversion was to hunt up and bring in "fat words," as they were called. A., for example, would begin, "I came across an awfully fat word this morning—*scrannel*."

At this, many voices would cry, "*Scrannel!* Scrannel isn't fat; scrannel is old."

A.: "Well, what does it mean, then? Come now, what does it mean? Bet you a dollar you never saw it before."

"Bet you five dollars I've seen it a dozen times," shout several.

A.: "Now, there's where I've got you. It doesn't occur a

dozen times in the English language; it's an *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον.*"

Chorus: "Bet you on that! Bet you you don't know what an *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον* is."

And one rival philologist is heard above the din, proclaiming, "No, no: scrannel isn't fat, but here's a fat one: *bisson—bisson* rheum."

"Bisson be d——d!" retorts A.; and so it goes on.

One of our number, whom we called Nestor by reason of his great age, used to remonstrate against this sort of thing. "Come now, fellows," he would say, "what kind of talk is 'this for educated gentlemen? Why can't we have some really improving conversation, instead of such rot?"

It is perhaps needless to say that this venerable man became at once the favorite target for gags. And, whenever the fire of small-talk languished, someone would say, "Nestor, start some interesting and profitable topic of conversation."

Food and manners at college tables have both, I doubt not, greatly ameliorated with the progress of civilization in the university. One need not be precisely the oldest living graduate, nor even have reached that hoary eld which entitles the alumnus to "reminisce" at Commencement dinners, in order to recognize the change. Some of us who are beginning, as Harry Brown used to say, to "brush our foreheads over our back hair," are old enough to con-

trast the present luxuries of undergraduate life with the hardships that we bore in the consulship of Plancus. I question whether this generation of students can even conceive of the hardness and steep pitch of the seats in the old chapel. There were no steam heaters, no water, no gas in our dormitories. The yearly arson of the north coal-yard was felt to be an all too slight revenge on the authorities for the discomforts that we endured.

Many a winter midnight, when the lights were out in the college row and Orion possessed the zenith, I have filled my earthen water-jug at the wooden pump behind old Divinity, when the ground about that classic fountain was like an Alpine

glacier of uncommon steepness, while the aërometer on top of Alumni Hall uttered a low, monotonous note, as though the spirit of some old chapel organist were experimenting on the bass stop of his ghostly instrument.

And how well I remember our Sophomore room on the ground floor of North College! The entry was like the cavern of the winds. All night long the big hall-doors slammed to and fro and shook the building. And every Tuesday about 1 A. M., the D. K. E. Society did us the honor to tramp through the entry in solid phalanx, shouting an emphatic chorus which began, "*Rip!* slap! here we are again!" ("Yes, d——n you! there you

are again!" my chum would say with a groan), and waking the echo that lived between the Treasury and the windows of our bedroom. Often in the morning, when we opened our door, there would tumble into the room a tall snow-drift which had piled up during the night on the brick floor of the hall-way.

Now the floor is of wood, the New Zealander ponders over the ruins of South Pump, and nothing is left for the lover of the past but to mourn the lost simplicity of college life and to breathe a hope that the voluptuous fare of the New Haven House or the University Club may not unfit the Senior for that wrestle with New York boarding-houses which certainly

awaits him when he graduates and joins the innumerable caravan that moves to the Columbia Law School—the common goal of all Yalensians.

GREEK.

"GREEK, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is like lace; every man gets as much of it as he can." In other words, Greek is a luxury. "Give us the luxuries of life," said Tom Appleton, "and we will do without the necessities." Perhaps it was not Tom Appleton, but someone else who was the author of this paradox. At any rate, it was De Stendhal who said that what Paris needed was a chain of mountains in its horizon. That is what Greek is to many of us. We do not visit often those pastoral slopes, but we

have been there once—long ago —and hope to go again some day. Several square feet in the pavement of my particular hell are composed of resolutions to read a passage of Plato or Theocritus every morning before breakfast. *Eheu! venturum expectat.* But meanwhile a catch of blue mountain at the end of the city street is uplifting to the soul, and takes us back in memory to the times when we used to wind up those classic foothills, through lawny glades where every oaken thicket hid its dryad and every gray boulder pedestalled a piping faun; up, up across trails worn deep by hoofs of satyrs, and shallow runlets matted with cress, even to the Parnassian summits. *Levàvi oculos ad arces.* "I will lift up

mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my salvation."

Greek is a luxury. Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his *Φ. B. K.* address at Harvard in 1883, "A College Fetich," affirmed that to have studied it in youth was now the only patent of nobility left us among the leveling tendencies of this time and land. Well, I have heard it maintained that scholarship is aristocratic. Mr. Adams's attack prevailed, and Greek has lost its privileged position. We are educating democrats. But all the stronger its claim upon the elect, since it has ceased to be required of the groundlings. A princess dethroned, still appealing to loyalty, still keeping the high instep and the Austrian lip. Certainly I would advise

every undergraduate training himself for literary pursuits to get all the lace he can. There is no better corrective for coarseness or superficiality than a thorough study of Greek.

As a college study, it has two great merits; it is hard, and it is unpractical. I see that Professor Goodell, and perhaps other teachers of Greek, have abandoned the "mental discipline" argument, and place the claims of their subject on other grounds. We used to hear so much about mental discipline thirty years since that the phrase became hateful. It was a damper on the hopeful spirit of youth to be told that we were not expected to learn much Greek; that, as a matter of fact, no one did learn much, but that

all the while we were having our wits sharpened. We were eager for acquisition and rather scornful of mental discipline and other attainments by indirection.

At the old oral term examinations, members of the Corporation used sometimes to exercise the right of visitation. Once in my Freshman year the Rev. Joel Hawes drifted into the recitation room where our section was being quizzed in Homer. After listening some time, he asked Rosenberg, who was just then under fire: "My young friend, can you tell me why you are studying Greek?" There was suppressed mirth on the part of the division, who knew that poor Rosy was studying Greek because he had to. It was subsequent to this, and in Sophomore

Greek, that the following dialogue took place between Rosenberg and tutor Divitiacus. With friendly pony leaf between the pages of his *Agamemnon,* R. had read the exultant speech of Clytemnestra after the murder of her husband.

TUTOR DIVITIACUS—Who is referred to in παῖδα ?

ROSENBERG—(*Smiles deprecatingly.*)

T. D.—What does παῖδα mean?

R.—Means "son," sir.

T. D.—In this instance, "daughter." Now who was this daughter? Whose daughter?

R.—(*Shakes his head.*)

T. D.—Well, it was Iphigenia. Who was Iphigenia, Mr. Rosenberg?

R.—I don't remember, sir.

T. D.—I am sorry that you don't know who Iphigenia was. It must have greatly diminished the interest with which you have read the play.

The irony here was not too subtle, and the class gave cry joyously. How delicious the thought of Rosy's attaching any meaning to the text: of his reading Aeschylus with "interest," or from any other motive than the scourge of repeated warnings and imminent dropping at the next annuals!

Accordingly, when the reverend doctor's question brought no response from Rosenberg, he put it to the division. Being a young ass, I volunteered an answer. I said I thought we were studying Greek so that we might

be able to read Greek literature in the original. The good old clergyman smiled wisely and replied: No, it was not probable that many of us would gain facility in reading the language, or would keep up our Greek after graduation. What we were really getting was mental discipline, etc., etc.; and he gave us an extract from one of his sermons, in which a man getting an education is compared to a sculptor hewing out an image from a rough block of marble.

I was full of contempt in those days for that kind of talk, but I have since come round to Dr. Hawes's view. In education, as in mechanics, action and reaction are equal. You get out of a study just as much as you put into it. How whole-

some the weariness which comes from a hard struggle with a Greek chorus or a tough problem in analytics! How different from the lax fatigue which follows a day of desultory reading! We used to curse the Greek grammar and clamor for a larger vocabulary and rapid reading of texts. We sneered at the metaphysics of the subjunctive and the nine classes of verbs in Hadley. How many men knew anything about classes of verbs in English,—in their own speech? And Heine said that if the Greeks had been obliged to study Greek grammar, they would have had no time to produce Greek literature. We were wrong. To track the pure stem (say λαβ) through all its protean disguises was an exercise

in intellection like drawing curves to an equation; a pursuit of the ideal, a high recreation and gymnastic.

Hellenic thought, which has so saturated the world, can be learned in translations. But to get the best results from Greek studies, nothing can take the place of a first hand contact with the tongue itself, unexcelled in its precision and delicacy as an instrument of expression. Poetry, in particular, can never be really translated. The diction is of the essence of the thing. I know very little Greek literature, and am ill qualified to pronounce; but to me, among its many superiorities, the most impressive is that freshness, that immediacy with which the Greek mind seems to envisage its ob-

ject. Modern literatures and languages are derivative. They borrow from each other and from the ancients, are full of quotations and reminiscences.

English is a polyglot. German, to be sure, is like the Greek in its power to form compounds from native roots and in the purity of its vocabulary. This is true of the German language, but German literature testifies of every wind that blows from every foreign quarter. The Greeks were autochthonous. We are told that they knew no language but their own. Compare, e. g., the Characters of Theophrastus, — certainly not Greek of the best period,—with Butler's or Fuller's. The English are witty, learned, artificial. Theophrastus is not witty at all.

He is not showing off, he is not conscious of what anyone else has said; he is rendering the unblurred, first hand impression. Hence true comedy: in Butler only cleverness. Hence the incomparable childlike veracity and originality of Greek work; the light of morning.

A COLLEGE ANTIQUARY.

HALF WAY between the rear of the chapel and the Gothic façade of the library a shower overtook me. I had no umbrella, and the great umbrella elm south of Trumbull Gallery, though a favorite spot for the *Tityre tu patulæ* act on a sunny day, was not quite weather proof. There was the passageway under Trumbull Gallery itself, which would have lent me cover; but 'twas a darksome crypt where an uncanny echo dwelt, and at any moment the door of the Bug Lab might open upon an interior

in which—it was whispered—vivisection was practised. Besides, there was always danger there of meeting faculty men coming down from the treasurer's office up-stairs, where "Hank Kingsley paid off the boys."

So I turned southwest to the vast yellow pile of the cabinet building; and as I did so, I saw a human being run from the rain into a sort of recess under its north wall, which I had often noticed from a distance. As I approached it, I recognized Nimrod; and when I joined him, he gave me the rationale of our shelter. It seems that the cabinet had once been the college commons, with the kitchen in the basement; and the porchlike structure under which we were

crouched was an outside staircase and entry conducting to the north dining-hall, where the juniors and freshmen had been fed—safely apart from their natural enemies, the seniors and sophomores at the south end.

Our area was depressed two feet below the level of the Yard, and had become a haunt of toads, which hopped about us as we sat, seeking to escape from their pit. They led Nimrod to discourse on the college fauna, which was richer than was generally supposed. Everyone knew the gray squirrels that came up from the Green and took nuts from your hand on the chapel steps after prayers. Some had seen the Athenæum cat, and it was believed that there were mice in Alumni, which lived on

the crumbs of Commencement dinners. Nimrod now assured me that there were bird's-nests with real birds in them in some of the remoter elms. Himself had encountered a live mud-turtle crawling over the wild-oats pampas that spread between North Coal Yard and North Pump, but he did not think it indigenous. Neither did he credit the tale that a young green snake had been cut in two by a scythe while the haymakers were mowing the loneliest part of the Yard, the tract extending from the northeast corner to Old Divinity, *toto ab orbe divisa.*

You do not believe that there used to be a hay-field all along where Lawrance and Farnam and the Battell Chapel now stand? I tell you that many a

drowsy June afternoon, sitting at my window in North College, I have heard the whetting of scythes where now you hear the snore of the trolley-car. (Nimrod secured one of the whetstones for his memorabil collection.) And I remember, one summer midnight, the smell of new-mown hay, raked up in little cocks and windrows under the dark elms, making my way slowly to my room, when Aleck had been singing the *Infelice* on the fence, and heads were out all along the row, listening.

Or perhaps you do not believe that, in days somewhat earlier than those, the president's house had stood on that same corner, and the president had kept a cow. Whether he kept her on the college grounds—a challenge to

undergraduate enterprise—as has happened at some other colleges, I am not certain. But history says that at one time she browsed the college pasture on what was formerly Peck Street, but is now University Place. (The change of name was at the instance of Mr. Charles C. Chatfield, of the *College Courant*—"C.C.C.C.C."—who built a house there "in the completed years.") A cow! Prexy's cow! Just suppose one wanted a cow now to put in the belfry—and that there was a belfry, a real one, say with green slats—instead of a semidetached modern campanile—where in this city of a hundred thousand souls could the cow for such a purpose be obtained?

Anyway, one can see in the

Yale Book the picture of the president's house, a handsome brick mansion, with a fanlight over the front door, which had a narrow escape from being "colonial." (The date of its erection was 1800.) And one can read there of the garden in which the first President Dwight "exerted himself to introduce the general cultivation of the strawberry." I lamented to Nimrod the disappearance of these domestic features from the Yard, describing to him the homelike aspect given to Trinity College by the residence of several professors' families in one end of the halls—Seabury, was it, or Jarvis? There were flower-beds under the walls (the janitor of Durfee once had something of the kind on a humbler

scale); and often, in passing along the walks, one would see ladies sitting on the balcony with their needlework, or meet children rolling hoop, or nurses wheeling baby-carriages. It brought tears to the eyes of the homesick freshman; and fellows who had rooms at the back enjoyed the prospect of very interesting washings hanging out on the clothes-lines of a Monday. Nimrod drew my attention to the fact that Yale was not altogether without the like advantages. There were two white frame houses — since demolished — fronting on High Street and occupying a part of the college square, where family life still went on under the shadow of academic groves.

The rain fell steadily while

Nimrod and I sat, like Piscator and Venator, in our coign of refuge, and he chanted the praises of antiquity. He had been a recognized authority in this department ever since the appearance of his famous *Lit.* leader, "Odd Corners of the Campus" —he *would* call it campus—in which his imagination had penetrated rosily the dark recesses of the chemical laboratory, the secret labyrinths of Alumni Hall and the underground railway behind it. It was Nimrod who had discovered the observatory on Athenæum tower and the virgin forest in the cellar of this very cabinet building under which we were now sitting. Well do I remember the excitement aroused by his article. Men hitherto deemed careless had

come to him, asking to be led on exploring parties: volunteering to stay up all night *e. g.*, if he could give them a single glimpse of the North Middle ghost. It was known that his habits were nocturnal. Late wassailers, returning from Rood's or Träger's or the Quiet House—themselves far from quiet the while—would meet him prowling about in the neighborhood of South Pump; and he would tell them how once, of a Wooden Spoon night, he had seen forms flitting, one or two at a time, about the base of this venerable aqueduct, and then swallowed up by one of the doors to Professor Silliman's old laboratory. He watched long in vain to see them emerge, and was now convinced that an underground passage led from the Lab

to a certain mysterious edifice nameless here forevermore. Once, upon a wager, he had hidden in an alcove of the university library, and had got himself locked in at closing-time, and spent the night wandering through corridors, galleries and stacks, and accumulating impressions while the moon shone in at the east oriel. It grew so still in there toward morning that he could hear the book worms gnawing the pages of ancient folios.

One of his pet notions it was, by the way, that all the library windows should be filled with stained glass; and he went so far as to start a subscription for that purpose among the undergraduates and younger alumni. But he got small encouragement.

When it was objected to him that colored glass would make it hard to read in the library, he answered: "Who wants to read in the library? You go there to draw books to read in your own room. It is much more important that your soul should be soothed and uplifted whenever you visit the place, than that you should have a white light on the few pages you consult on a step-ladder."

Nimrod was living alone, for the present, in a room over Old Chapel once occupied by Dick Willis during his tenure of the professorship of music. (Nimrod had a list of all the men who had tenanted the room, with their biographies down fine.) Often his solitary rushlight burned up there till the small

hours, while he arranged his collections or pored over the triennial catalogue. But his main reason for choosing these quarters was that the attic overhead had once housed the college library. He had a key admitting to this upper story—a special privilege—and he offered to take me up there some day and show me things whose existence was unsuspected by the average undergraduate: to wit, the original alcoves with the names of donors over them in gilt letters; the name, in particular, of George Berkeley, over the compartment once devoted to "the Dean's Bounty." "It is an outrage," said Nimrod, "that there is so little care about these things among the fellows."

From the fauna to the flora of the Yard digression was easy. "Now probably you think," he pursued, "that all the trees here are elms. That is the general notion, and it is fostered by fool songs, 'Neath the elms of dear old Yale,' etc. My dear boy, wait till I show you a currant-bush known to me and to one or two others. Can you tell where to find the two maples and the silver poplar? And how many oaks do you think there are? Of course everybody knows about the one that Mr. Herrick planted."

It was Nimrod, by the way, who shattered the tradition that Mr. Herrick's oak, since transplanted to the front of Durfee, was raised from an acorn of the Charter Oak. He consulted the

professor of botany, who pronounced that the Charter Oak was a white oak, and the Yale tree a black, I believe—or perhaps a red or a blue—at any rate, not a white oak—and so not possibly a shoot from that historic vegetable.

Nimrod paid a sort of fetich worship to the English ivies on the north wall of the library, and would have been capable of playing Old Mortality to the class numerals obliterated by "the unimaginable touch of time." I used to see him watching the myriad sparrows, as they flashed down into the vines, cheeping and twittering in a shrill hubbub behind their evergreen screen; and then, at the wave of an arm, whirring forth again with a unanimous move-

ment, like a swarm of bees; their little bodies so close that they almost touched, yet never interfering—a wondrous sight.

And once I found him contemplating the tar girdle which protected the *Ulmus vermifera* —as a jealous Hartford newspaper called it—from the ravages of the caterpillar. The female insect which lays the eggs that hatch the worm is wingless, and her only way of reaching the leafy top, to deposit there her precious burden, is to walk up the trunk. When she comes to the strip of tar she goes right on, sticks in the gummy barrier, and dies. A number of these devoted mothers were struggling and slowly perishing, while Nimrod moralized the spectacle, like the melancholy Jacques. He

said it was a touching example of the sublimity of the maternal instinct, the individual driven blindly on to sacrifice herself for the perpetuation of the race.

And speaking of trees, I am reminded of a service rendered by Nimrod to Yale literature. In *Elsie Venner* he had come across a mention of "that lovely avenue which the poets of Yale remember so well:

O could the vista of my life but now
as bright appear
As when I first through Temple Street
looked down thine espalier."

What poet of Yale was this who had the distinction of being quoted by the Autocrat—in spite of the absence of authority for this pronunciation of *espalier?* Nimrod looked through Hill-

house, Percival, Pierpont, Willis, Brainard, and *The Poets of Connecticut,* and even went back to Joel Barlow. He button-holed local antiquaries and consulted his honored friend, the dear old lady custodian of the Trumbull Gallery; who used to distribute tracts among the frequent visitors to that shrine of art; and was a voluminous authority upon Augur, the self-taught sculptor, and that statuary group of his which one among us mistakenly called "Naphtha and his Daughter."

Finally he wrote to the Doctor himself, and received a reply which was among the most cherished treasures of his autograph book. The lines in question, it appeared, were from a poem entitled "New Haven,"

by William Croswell, rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, and son of Dr. Harry Croswell, of Trinity Church, who is said by tradition to have been the last man in New Haven to wear small clothes—a circumstance that would have pleased Dr. Holmes, had he known of it. The piece may be read in the appendix to the old clergyman's life of his son, whom he long survived; or in *Poems Sacred and Secular: by the Rev. William Croswell, D.D.*, edited by Bishop Coxe, and published by Ticknor in 1861. Some of Croswell's sacred poems are known to lovers of such things. (See one of them *e. g.*, in Mr. Stedman's *American Anthology.*)

"As to this 'New Haven' and a companion-piece, 'The

Chapel Bell, Yale College,' Nimrod failed to persuade the *Lit.* to reprint them, and so he had them struck off on broadsides at his own expense and distributed them all over college; just as Archimedes did with his famous 'Puckle Ode' and 'The Chapel Seats.' (The last named was confiscated by the *censor morum,* and copies of it are now worth their weight in index checks.) Capital verses they seem to me in their pleasant, old-fashioned kind; but I will bet a fig that none of the present college generation has so much as heard of them. So here they are again; if they were good enough for Dr. Holmes, they are good enough for the Class of 1910:

NEW HAVEN.

A window in a picture-shop; it
brought all back to me
The churches and the colleges and
each familiar tree;
And, like a sun-lit emerald, came
glancing out, between
Its pretty, snow-white palisades, the
verdure of "the Green."

O, could I write an Ode, like Gray's,
upon a distant view
Of Eton College,—could I draw the
pictures that he drew,—
How would the pleasant images that
round my temples throng
Live in descriptive dactyls, and look
verdantly in song!

"*Tres* faciunt collegium," each jurist
now agrees;
Which means, in the vernacular, a
college made of *trees;*
And, *bosomed high in tufted boughs,*
yon venerable rows
The maxim in its beauty and its truth
alike disclose.

Not so when, lit with midnight oil,
the casements in long line,
(Where more is meant than meets the
eye) like Constellations shine;
And, alma-mater-like, the kine, from
daisy-fields astray,
Make every passage where they pass
a sort of Milky Way.

And on the green and easy slope
where those proud columns
stand,
In *Dorian mood,* with academe and
temple on each hand,
The football and the cricket-match
upon my vision rise,
With all the clouds of classic dust
kicked in each other's eyes.

I see my own dear mother Church,
that warned me from my sin;
The walls so Gothic all without, so
glorious all within;
And, emblem of that ancient faith her
hallowed courts that fills,
Reared from the adamantine rock, the
everlasting hills.

O, could the vista of my life but now
as bright appear
As when I first through Temple Street
looked down thine espalier,
How soon to thee, my early home,
would I once more repair,
And cheer again my sinking heart
with my own native air!

But time and the elm-beetle, hard pavements, leaky gas-pipes, and electric light wires have done their work. Temple Street is a melancholy collection of sticks, and twentieth-century New Haven is not the bowery village which "the poets of Yale remember." How much finer a thing used to be a walk out Prospect Hill when the path—whilom Gunpowder Lane—wound among dense thickets and natural hedges of the barberry bush, out past Ball Spring Cot-

tage Woods, where anemones fringed a black tarn in the forest, and the meadows at the foot of Mill Rock were full of pogonia and calopogon!

The last time that I remember foregathering with Nimrod as a classmate, he went along with a group of us on one of those Wednesday and Saturday afternoon walks. In general he was little given to rambles; though he sometimes made pilgrimages to historic spots, such as that wayside field where Major Campbell, "handsomest man in the British army," was shot by some embattled farmer in the Revolutionary war. And on the night before the last remaining toll-gate in Connecticut—on the Derby road, beyond the Maltby Lakes—was thrown open to the

public, the wooden tablet that hung by the toll-house door with the schedule of tolls—so much for a one-horse team, so much for a two-horse team, for a man on horseback, for a drove of cattle, for a flock of sheep, etc., —was carried off. The theft was never traced to Nimrod, who was quite unknown to the gatekeeper. But some of the fellows got out a bogus search-warrant, by virtue of which three scientifics, disguised as bum bailiffs, were induced to violate the sanctity of his room over Old Chapel and make a "rough house" among his heaps of memorabilia.

On this particular walk we visited a sequestered beer-garden, or *Schützenpark,* where in summer we had been wont to sit

at tables in the red-cedar grove, watching the far-off, sparkling brine, while a harp tinkled somewhere among the grape trellises. But now it was deep in fall term, and the tables were unserved, though we sat there insistently, in despite of a *Kellner,* who opened the *Gasthaus* door at intervals and shouted, "In how-us get beer, not ow-ut." Thence swinging homeward at an Oxford trot, by the light of a smouldering autumnal sunset, breaking out now and then into "*G'rad' aus dem Wirthshaus*" or "The Church in the Wildwood."

I sometimes think it fortunate that Nimrod did not live to see the triennial printed in English. It would have broken his heart. Not that his own Latinity

was impeccable. His addiction to more serious interests compelled him somewhat to slight the curriculum of study; so much so that, on the morning of the walk in question, we heard that he had been suspended for failure to make up long standing conditions. At the end of the term he was dropped into a lower—and, of course, inferior—class, after which I had to cease all intimacy with him, in conformity to the rigid academic etiquette then prevailing. But I wish there were more men like old Nim. Whether South Middle is to be razed or restored, the agitation witnesses to the reality of sentimental values. True, if the Old Brick Row sometimes comes back to one in happy dreams, nightmare still occa-

sionally takes the shape of the North Coal Yard. Yet buildings apart, the old college is bound to the past by a hundred immaterial links—traditions, memories, historic names.

I read somewhere the other day that, in numbers, Yale now stands ninth—or was it eleventh? —on the list of American colleges. She is outstripped by the universities in great cities, with their hordes of professional students; by several big Western co-educational State universities; and by a few richly endowed private foundations. She cannot more than hold her own with these recent creations in the matter of laboratories, libraries, architecture, grounds, highly paid specialists, and modern educational appliances generally.

But beshrew educational appliances! Rather than one of these ready-made concerns, little old Yale for Nimrod!—or even littler and older William and Mary, or any seminary of name and fame, whose bricky towers and wooden cupolas are hidden away in some green village on the ancient turnpike where the stage no longer runs to Albany, but tradition has a crust at least a century thick.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

FEBRUARY 2, 18—.

THE physics lectures this term are very interesting. This morning the lecturer happened to select the sunny-haired Xanthus as the *corpus vile* of his electrical experiments. The victim mounted the glass-legged insulating stool with a confident grin, but when the battery got in its work on him, his expression changed. His rich auburn mat stood up on end in a circular aureole, under which his convulsed and livid features

showed like the face of a Pre-Raphaelite saint against a nimbus of old-gold. The professor smiled, and even the ranks of Tuscany—the red-heads of the Third Division, known in history as "The Old Brick Row"—could scarce forbear to cheer.

But the bottle which was to have been exhausted of air, and then crushed by the pressure of the outside atmosphere, had some flaw in it. It wouldn't crush. The lecturer and his colored assistant relieved each other in vain at the air pump. Bets were freely laid—in whispers—with odds in favor of the bottle. At last the harrowing struggle was abandoned. Hudson—who is not devoid of a certain sprightliness—was afterward heard to

say that the receiver was less exhausted than the darky. Beverley—to whom nothing human is alien—lingered after the lecture, and asked the professor whether this experiment was designed to illustrate the strength of materials. He also expressed sympathy with the assistant. He found the latter to be a practical philosopher, who regarded his chief's methods of breaking glass as needlessly indirect.

"Break 'em easy 'nough, take a hatchet," was his comment.

"Formerly a boy was used," said the lecturer, in explaining the self-adjusting valve of the steam engine, and his countenance wore a pitying smile at the rudeness of the contriv-

ance. But on going to my room after the lecture, I was annoyed to find one of those obsolete pieces of machinery waiting for me at the door with a tailor's bill. How much more delicate and impersonal would have been a simple, self-adjusting valve, with bill attached, hanging from the door-knob!

FEBRUARY 17.

Attended the afternoon lecture on the metric system of weights and measures, and made the following entry (original) in my notebook: "There is no use in trying to bring home the metric system to the great heart of the people, until our proverbs and even our English classics have been amended in

the interest of the reform, thus:

A miss is as good as a kilometer (approximate).

A gram of prevention is worth a decagram of cure.

"Aye, every centimeter a king!"—*Lear.*

FEBRUARY 22.

The birthday of George Washington! Watson told me that it was rumored in well-informed circles that Higginson had this morning unearthed again the fur cap with a knob on top which he used to wear at the Grammar School, and subsequently here through his first winter. Calling at Higginson's room last Tuesday, I found his chum and a few sympathizing friends sitting around the grate and feeding the flames with a collection of

Higginson's head-gear. I saw them burn:

1st. The green plaid cap with patent-leather frontispiece.

2d. The black cloth hat with exposed wire rim, which gave so much offense in Sophomore year.

3d. The felt "Monitor" with the hole in the apex, through which the sunlight twinkled.

But the fur cap was not among them, and there is too much ground for the fear that it escaped the holocaust, and that Watson's information is true.

MARCH 4.

There is some excitement over the suspension of Punderson, the class poet. The fellows have been in the habit of

sending him little pencil notes in recitation, begging for odes, etc., to while away the tedium of the hour. G. Horne was especially importunate in these requests. Finally, to him too much demanding, the odist, after a short frenzy on the front bench, returned the following answer, written on a blank leaf torn from his text-book:

TO MÆCENAS.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget *Apollo.*

G. Horne, you seem to think, by ——,
That Homer doesn't ever nod.
You'll find, if once your hand you try,
That writing endless poetry
*'s Not half so easy as you think.
It needs good smear,† cigars, and drink
To get a high-toned frenzy up:
The Muse is dull without the cup.

* *Cf.* Horace. . . *uxorius amnis.*

† *Academice*—food.

Who eats at Commons Club his dinner
Will find his wit grow thin and thinner.
Mæcenas, set 'em * upward straight,
Or for your odes in vain you'll wait.

The eagle eye of the instructor lit on this manuscript gem as it was passing from hand to hand along the benches toward G. Horne. He arrested it and read it. Its sentiments and language were both too improper to be overlooked, and Punderson is now absent temporarily from these shades.

APRIL 7.

Father writes that he is glad I am keeping a diary. He says it is a valuable habit, and good practice in writing. I am to bring it home vacations and show it to him, that he may see

* *Pocula largiter superposuit.*

what reflections are suggested to me by the studies of the college course, etc. *Mem.*—Brace on reflections. To-day Watson tells me another painful rumor is in circulation about Higginson. It is said that his watch has come back. It is a pewter bull's-eye, about the size of a warming-pan, and with several coats, like an onion. He can do all sorts of tricks with it. He can strip off the outer peels and throw the nucleus around the room without hurting it. He can touch it off in some way, with a buzz, and it will do the twenty-four hours inside a minute. It was always at the blacksmith's, however,—no watchmaker would touch it,—being repaired; and Watson says it costs Higginson more to

keep it than it would to keep a horse. Fellows that H. owed money to were relieved to hear that he lost it at Forepaugh's menagerie last week. But it seems that he advertised it, and it was returned by a heavy man with a large foot, who had trodden on it before picking it up. It was quite flat when brought back, but Higginson paid the man a liberal reward, and is having it hammered back into shape.

APRIL 10.

To-day being Saturday, I was going to attend a cocking-main given by Hudson in the attic of North College, but it failed to come off. Hudson had bought four birds from Epaphroditus, the negro costermonger —the same one who was hired

for five dollars by some of the fellows in Sophomore year to have an epileptic fit in the gallery of Music Hall during a temperance lecture, and was carried out howling and foaming at the mouth. The birds were secured two days in advance, and were put in Hudson's coal-closet; where, in the words of Daniel Pratt,

> "The light of day
> Shines but seldom, or not at all,
> On the course of the awful water-fall."

It was feared that the dark might impair their gameness, and so they were removed to the garret yesterday afternoon. But one of them, which was thin, squeezed out of the coop, and appeared this morning at the attic window, where it

crowed repeatedly and attracted the notice of the authorities, who confiscated the whole plant.

APRIL 13.

Forensic disputations this morning. A good grind on Featherstone! He had furnished a forensic to Rosenberg, whose invention is not fertile. When Rosy meekly read it through with that sweet Pennsylvania accent which secured him in Freshman year the nickname "White-ăммed Nausicăă," the affable Professor of Belles Lettres remarked, "You didn't pay much for that, did you?"

APRIL 15.

Linonia prize debate this evening. I went in to hear Watson speak his little piece.

He had read parts of it to me beforehand, and I told him he was cock-sure of first prize. The question was, "Are penal colonies justifiable?" and there were some very luscious passages in Watson's speech, in which he called Botany Bay a loathsome plague spot, a cesspool, a seething caldron of vice and a mass of festering corruption. He took only a third prize, but the fellows, most of them, thought he ought to have had the first. His language was certainly very strong.

Yesterday morning Watson was rehearsing his piece in his room. In the midst of a beautiful description of Russian convicts passing through the Ural Mountains, one of his gestures upset the water-pan on the

stove and spilled its contents over the feet of his chum, Dempster, who was smoking near by. The latter has since remained in his room, with bandaged feet, and Watson carries his meals to him from the club. I was telling Higginson about the accident this A. M., but he smiled knowingly and said:

"Do you really imagine that the water was hot? I have sat on Watson's stove half an hour at a time without singeing my pantaloons, and watched the low-spirited thermometer in the corner trying to climb up to 65°. No; Dempster's feet are not scalded. It is all a ruse to get up a reputation for the stove, which they are trying to sell. Observe the ostentatious

manner in which Watson carries the meals. It is done to provoke inquiry."

I told Watson this afternoon what Higginson had said, and he answered:

"Higginson is embittered by my exposure of his watch and his bad hats, and is, therefore, not to be trusted. If you doubt me, come and sit on the stove yourself."

APRIL 18.

The financial panic in the class has passed its crisis. Last term the little busy B. compiled an "Index to the Yale Literary Magazine," which he foisted upon a reluctant public at fifty cents a copy, exacting payment in advance of publication. Pending the appearance of this

valuable guide to the treasures of genius buried in the *Li.*, each subscriber received a ticket entitling the holder to one copy of the "Index" as soon as it should be issued. These choses in action, being negotiable, got into circulation in the class, and were used in the payment of debts and otherwise. They began to depreciate rapidly, and were finally bought up by one speculator, and employed as poker chips by the gamblers of South College, being redeemed at eleven cents apiece, or twenty-two per cent., on their face value. The *Courant* now asserts that B. is trying to bull the market by threatening to issue a limited edition of the "Index" and retain five hundred copies for his own use.

APRIL 23.

Spring vacation to-morrow. Have been packing my trunk all the afternoon. I think, on the whole, I won't take this diary home, but will give father my reflections on the studies of the term, etc., orally.

MAY 17.

Last night I was initiated into the Red Letter Club—nicknamed by outsiders "The Dead Letter Club." Father wrote last week, giving his consent to my joining the club. He objects to the Greek letter societies as frivolous and a waste of time; but he cordially approved my entering an association whose object is defined by the constitution—a noble instrument—as "the cul-

ture of the mind and the mutual improvement of the members, socially, intellectually, and morally."

The meetings are held at Mrs. Bruno's alehouse, a place not as unspotted of the world as the President's lecture room, but very respectable—for an alehouse. I was told to report there at 8 P. M. On entering the taproom I was a little in doubt, as there was no one there but the usual barkeeper, with red face and blue mustache. I asked him if this was Mrs. Bruno's, and he answered with that indirectness which I have noticed in barkeepers (and which is singularly like the responses in the Greek tragic dialogue):

"Wal, Bruno's the name on the signboard, I guess."

At this moment Hudson, who is president of the club, heard my voice, and opening an inner door, beckoned me into the snuggery. All the members were present except Watson, who came in late and was fined fifty cents. I signed my name to the constitution, and took an iron-clad oath to support it to the bloody end. There were some Babylonish red curtains at the window, which lent a cheerful air to the scene, but my feelings were outraged by the mural decorations—a green and yellow lithograph of the Prodigal Son and a chromo of the Good Samaritan pouring arnica into the wounds of the man who fell among thieves.

Dempster opened the literary

exercises by reading an essay on life insurance. He was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. Impatient and critical spirits solaced themselves during the reading by munching the soothing almond and raisin. But he was followed by Higginson, who told from memory De Quincey's story of the "Spanish Nun," an affliction which lasted an hour and a half, and which neither sweetmeats nor stimulants could mitigate. A contribution was then read from the Harvard Chapter, of which I obtained a copy:

HORATIAN DIALOGUE.

LEWIS.

Walter, about your room you often tell,
To talk about your pictures never cease;
But in one thing you'll own that I excel—
I have a cattle piece.

WALTER.

Lewis, in vain you try to shake my mind
By saying this thing, which you hope is new.
Unreasoning boaster, ignorant and blind,
I have one, too !

LEWIS.

My cattle lie upon a gentle hill,
And calmly gaze into the distant west,
While the low sun shines on each glistening rill,
And sinks to rest.

WALTER.

Mine proudly stand upon the mountain turf,
And view with wondering eyes the landscape wide,
Silently listening to the tumbling surf
On far-off ocean side.

LEWIS.

From this vain striving now let each one cease ;
This much I own, your cattle piece *is* fine.

WALTER.

Well said, O friend: praise you your cattle piece,
And I'll praise mine.

The MSS. are filed away in a red box, labeled "Veal Cutlets." A Hebe with a *retroussé* nose then brought in the Welsh rabbits. They were a little too Welsh for me, and were made of what our Sheffield member called "granulated" cheese. Not wishing to be unfaithful to the traditions of the club, I ate a rabbit and a half, and experienced the most deplorable consequences afterward. Nor were the entire resources of modern science applied to the ventilation of the oyster pie which followed. Watson informed me that they once had a roast duck, but the strain on

the resources of Mrs. Bruno's *cuisine* had been awful. The wine was an offense to taste—a North Carolina product known as "Scuppernong."

The members of the club then had the opportunity of enjoying that inestimable privilege—the right of suffrage—in balloting for officers for the ensuing year. The result was announced amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the idols of popular favor received their honors in the customary blushing manner.

I have written to father for the initiation fee (ten dollars), saying that the exercises of the club are of a most profitable character, and that I feel my mind already greatly improved.

OCTOBER 13.

Rushton has been absent from the class this term. Some of the fellows saw him the other day in the lower part of the town, dragging a small go-cart, full of packages. He explained that so many horses were down with the epizoötic, that merchants had to hire men to deliver parcels. So he had become a horse, and he said there was more money in it than in being a Greek pony, at fifty cents an hour, or writing compositions on "The Law of Decay in Nations," at two dollars apiece, for men in the third division. He will not return to college so long as his job holds out to burn.

OCTOBER 22.

Another good man gone! This time it is Gudgeon, the Caliban with a pink beard, who was imported last year from somewhere in Boone County by Henderson. Henderson has always been rather anxious about him. When he first came up to be examined, he was afraid that he might get mad and lick some of the examiners if they asked him too many questions. He said that Gudgeon was a Southern boy, and could cut and shoot, and wouldn't stand any bigod nonsense.

It seems that Gudgeon and some others had been down town, and came into the yard about 11 P. M. feeling quite racy. They made such happy

noises that Barlow, who was studying Conics in his room in North Middle, opened his window and yelled out, "Get me so; I want to be so." This woke Tutor Divitiacus—known as old Privative Entity—who watched the subsequent proceedings with interest.

The crowd then went down to the fence, and, seeing a light in Tuckerman's shop across the street, they began to sing a variation of the well known German cradle song, "Schlaf, Kindele, Schlaf."

"Sleep, Tuckerman, sleep! Sleep, Tuckerman, sleep!
Your oil and your chimneys will do very well;
Your matches won't light if you stick 'em in ——
"Sleep," etc.

The words are by Higginson, whose big astral lamp—which he calls Pharos—drinks so much oil and breaks so many chimneys that he is dreadfully in debt to Tuckerman. Tuckerman lately refused him any further credit, so Higginson wrote this song for revenge, and has trained a quartette to sing it.

Pretty soon Tuckerman's light went out, and all the fellows went off to bed except Gudgeon and Nimrod.

The ironmonger opposite South College uses his front yard to advertise his wares. On the door-steps is a pair of "portal-warding lion-whelps." On one side of the walk is a deer with liver-colored mottlings, and on the other a realistic Newfoundland dog. In the

center of the right-hand grass plot is a bathukolpos sphinx on a pedestal, and in the centre of the left-hand plot an ornamented fountain with gold-fish. On the edge of the basin squats a large green frog. This is the third of the family, two predecessors having been stolen by Nimrod for memorabil. To guard against further losses, the ironmonger had had this one riveted to the fountain by a spike driven through its body. But this fact was unknown to Gudgeon. Nimrod was telling him, as they sat on the fence, of his capture of the two previous frogs, which he offered to show him if he would come to his room over the Old Chapel some day, and look over his collection.

The tale fired Gudgeon to emulation. With a wild Boone County whoop, he ran across the street, vaulted the (iron) fence and strove to tear the reptile from its moorings. But the frog—like him of Calaveras County — "with fixéd anchor in his scaly rind," refused to budge. Gudgeon tugged and pushed, and his imprecations filled the night. Then, suddenly abandoning his first design, he jumped into the water and chased the gold fish around the basin, clutching at their darting forms in the uncertain gleams of the gas-lights which adorned the iron-monger's gate-posts. It was while he was thus engaged that Tutor Divitiacus and Policeman X. simultaneously,

though not preconcertedly, swooped upon him from opposite sides.

NOVEMBER 8.

Gudgeon's suspension was the subject of our table talk to-day. Punderson, the class poet, produced and read an "Ode to the Frog of the Bandusian Font." It began

"O hapless saurian."

But Watson, who is in the zoölogy elective and has been vivisecting frogs all this term, pointed out to Punderson that he was way off in his natural history; and he changed it accordingly to,

"O hoarse batrachian."

It came out that, on the night after Gudgeon's adventure,

Hudson, who is full of merry conceits, had taken a paint pot and brush and painted two inscriptions on the rim of the fountain, one on each side of the frog; to wit: "Marry come up!" and "The iron hath entered his soul." This had embittered the monger, who complained to the Faculty, and Gudgeon was sacrificed.

Henderson reproached Hud- for thus compromising Gud- geon's case *pendente lite*. But Hudson said he didn't think Gudgeon was much of a loss to the class anyway: he was a very uncultivated man, called his father his "paw," and pro- nounced *does* "dooz." Hen- derson retorted that Hudson was pedantic and narrow- minded, and very small in his

way of judging men. He called him an iota subscript and a microscopic siliceous spiculum of a sponge, and said that Gudgeon might be rough in his ways, but he had a great big soul.

It is reported that Gudgeon is at Stamford, and that he threatens to lick Tutor Divitiacus as soon as his suspension is over.

NOVEMBER 17.

The sensation of the day is the appearance of Higginson in a silk hat with a weed. It is said that G. Horne, who has recently lost an uncle, went down to the hatter's to get a weed put on his hat. Higginson happened to walk down Chapel Street with him, and, arrived at the hatter's, G. Horne

urged him, almost with tears in his eyes, to go inside with him and get a new hat, discarding the cap with a fur button on top, which has made it so painful of late to associate much with Higginson.

"Have some style about you!" implored G. Horne.

"Well, what shall I get?" asked Higginson.

"Get a tall hat, like mine," said G. Horne.

Higginson finally consented, and the hat was bought. The hatter asked G. Horne how wide he wanted his weed. Was he in mourning for a very near relative?

"An uncle," answered G. Horne.

"Then about three inches will be correct," said the hatter.

"Say," struck in Higginson, "I believe you can put a weed on mine, too. It makes a hat look tony."

"Yes, sir," said the hatter: "and what shall I make it?"

"Oh, about an uncle," answered Higginson.

RECREATIONS OF THE RED LETTER CLUB.

Perchance on some Red Letter night,
When snow was softly heaping
Outside upon the window sill
And, o'er our senses creeping,

The sleepy malt, the grate-fire's glow,
That tinged our pipe-smoke rosy
As evening clouds, had made us feel
Particularly cozy;

I've taken from my pocket's depths
A torn and crumpled paper,
Whereon were traced some idle rhymes,
An idler brain's light vapor;

And if to these the Letters Red
Listened with kind indulgence,
We'll lay it to that genial malt
And fire-light's soft effulgence.*

* From *Ad Iulum Antonium.* For the complete poem, see p. 318.

A SHADES.

SHADES there is unknown to fame,
A shades indeed that very few know;
And fewer still can spell the name
That decks its windows—Madam Bruno.

(I know a quote here rather pat;
Perhaps it wouldn't come amiss;
By Jove, I'll sling it! here goes: *Stat—*
Stat umbra magni nominis).

What's in a name? The rose *is* sweet,
Its bower is snug, albeit shady:
The ale is nice, the room is neat,
And neater still the nice Old Lady.

If Bacchus' self should step in here
He'd hardly miss the rosy Hebe

While smiling Madam poured his beer,
Or honest Tom or pretty Phebe.

He'd hardly miss his nectar cup:
I'll bet a fig that every night he
Would here on savory rabbits sup
And swig his ale *sub arta vite.*

ANALYTICAL ALGEBRA.

[CONTRIBUTED BY WATSON.]

COMPLAINT is sometimes made that in the teaching given at Yale the æsthetic side of studies is neglected: *e. g.*, that in the reading of Greek and Latin texts, the structure of the language is attended to and the thoughts of the authors disregarded. The complaint seems to me partly just, and in this article I will sketch out a plan by which the study of algebra, for example, might be made not only to sharpen the reason, but to train the critical faculties

and elevate the human soul. Professor Packard once told his class that the curriculum had made no provision for the culture of the imagination. How much might be done in that way, even in pure mathematics, by a proper mode of treatment will be seen perhaps from the following outlines of a course.

A late ingenious writer has tried to show that the false science of alchemy was only a covert way of expressing, by means of a symbolism, truths in moral and political philosophy which it would have been unsafe in the Middle Ages to maintain openly. An analytical study of algebra will develop the fact that, underlying its artificial symbolism, its alphabetical triflings, its obscure, and,

to many, meaningless formulæ, there lies a life-drama of dark and stormy passions—a tale of fate, of crime, of temptation and fall. It will be remembered that the science is of Oriental, of Arabian origin. The Oriental mind takes pleasure in mystic and figurative methods of expression, and it may well be that this method has been taken of preserving, under the forms of a language whose true import is revealed to a few choice spirits in every age, one of that body of legends almost coeval with the race—the folk-lore of the East. It is a tale of the triumph of the strong over the weak; the evil over the good; the tempter over the tempted; the *Mephistopheles* over the *Faust*.

It will be seen that among the various writers who have treated the subject, under some minor differences of style and statement, there is a general agreement as to the relative position of the two central personages of the drama—the characters of A and B. What this relation exactly is, it is impossible to say. It is usually indicated numerically. Sometimes it is expressed in terms of the mysterious and unknown quantity x, which the reader is always requested to find, but which, if found at all (which is rarely the case), resolves itself into some number as baffling to the curiosity as the number of the Beast in Revelation. What light does it shed on x to discover that $x=\frac{25}{37}$, or that

$x=\sqrt{2na}$? Then too x is usually variable, sometimes infinite, not seldom imaginary or absurd. It has indeed been directly asserted that the relation of A to B was as p to p': but what was p? what was p'? The clew to this cipher is certainly far from ascertained.

For these reasons it is advisable in the æsthetic study of algebra to neglect the long pages of statistics or figurative matter which form the bulk of most treatises. They shed no light on our researches. It is only in the problems, or what may be called the letter-press of the work, that we find any consistent and rational statements about A and B. Even here the cautious and singularly non-committal manner of the

historian leaves much untold. Algebra may be called like rhetoric "a science of hints and suggestions"—or better, a science of puzzles and riddles. The sphinxy chronicler makes a guarded statement, and then suddenly asks a question which often seems to have no connection at all with the previous statement. Almost every sentence ends with an interrogation point.

From these materials, however, meager as they are, the following general results may be gained as to the character and relations of A and B. B is the hero of the drama. He seems to be a man of fine feelings, of a generous and social, open and confiding nature, but of a weak will and easily influ-

enced. We find him with a kind of humorous benevolence repeatedly distributing coppers in geometrical progression to the poor. He seems to be the careless and good-humored gentleman referred to by Mr. Todhunter on page 208 of his Algebra. "A gentleman sends a lad into the market to buy a shilling's worth of oranges. The lad having eaten a couple, the gentleman pays at the rate of a penny for fifteen more than the market price," etc. His easy credulity and recklessness seem to have led him into extravagance and folly. We find him speculating in city real estate, investing x dollars in rectangular lots containing m square feet. He seems to have fallen in with the sporting ring

and to have run around islands on a wager—always losing; to have invested in lotteries—always drawing blanks: the chances of his drawing a prize being usually represented as $n:m$—no doubt ridiculously small.

On the other hand A, the *Iago*, the *Mephistopheles*, the devil of the plot, is painted as a man of a secret, reserved and tortuous mind. Contrast the open-hearted, unsuspecting frankness of B with the shuffling evasions of A's answers to the simplest question. Thus A being asked by B how old he is, replies "m times the cube of C's age $=\frac{1}{n}$ of the square root of my own." Whenever A and B are brought into contact, the former is represented

as the superior in mental and bodily strength. In those numerous and mysterious trips which they are perpetually taking between two places distant x miles from each other, A always accomplishes the journey in one m^{th} of the time that B does. A always performs with ease in the incredibly short period of n days that piece of work which the indolent B requires fully m days to complete. At an early period in their history, A seems to have laid B under some dreadful obligation, or to have discovered some terrible secret which places the latter wholly in his power. The power thus obtained he uses with remorseless cruelty. He persuades B to invest his money in partner-

ships where B contributes m dollars to A's n. He extorts hush money from him in sums of 500, 1000, nay, even y dollars! With a fiendish humor, he pretends to regard these installments of blackmail as loans—loans of pure accommodation for t months and at r per cent. interest—of course never paid.

What the secret of this influence was we cannot say. Was there a woman in the case? There is something in the character of C—a personage occasionally introduced—which leads to the suspicion that she was a woman. Thus, on page 474 of Todhunter we are told, "It is 3 to 1 that A speaks truth, 6 to 1 that B does, and 1 to 3 that C does. What is

the probability that an event took place which A asserts to have happened, and which B and C deny?" Three conclusions seem to be justified by this statement:

1. The remarkable natural deceitfulness of C points not doubtfully to her sex.

2. B appears by this time to have become involved in a train of prevarications made necessary perhaps by his attempts to conceal the secret referred to, and to have lost a portion of his natural truthfulness.

> " Oh, what a tangled web we weave
> When first we practice to deceive ! "

But even so, his word is more to be trusted than the organic duplicity of A.

3. The above problem seems

to have presented itself to the mind of B while endeavoring to free himself from the toils of A. He reflects whether his own word, coupled with that of C, may outweigh (possibly in a court of justice) the unsupported testimony of A. He is tempted to cast off his thralldom and boldly deny the "event" obscurely alluded to, which can be no other than the terrible, possibly guilty secret which A uses to his destruction.

If any such plan of relief presents itself to his mind, he is too weak to carry it out. He falls more and more hopelessly into the toils, and struggles less and less. The malign influence of A becomes stronger as the drama sweeps to its catastrophe. B invests with increas-

ing recklessness in the lots and lotteries. He probably also takes to drink, for we read of "hogsheads, one of wine and one of beer, with cubical contents as m, n, and exhausted respectively at the rate of x and y quarts per diem."

Toward the close of his melancholy career, A gets him into gambling. It is needless to say that he is no match for the latter. The chapter on "probability" is nothing more or less than an account of his losses at cards and dice to this *Hon. Deuceace.* Thus on page 468, problem 27, "two persons, A and B, engage in a game in which A's skill is to B's as 3 to 2. Find the chance of A's winning at least 3 games out of 5." Sometimes there seems to

be a pool in which several engage—possibly one D, a character who appears but seldom, and seems to be a tool of A's, was present among others. On page 470 we have a description of one of these friendly games. "In a bag are n balls of m colors, p being of the first color, p^2 of the second color . . . pm of the mth color. If the balls be drawn out one by one, what is the chance that all the balls of the first color will be drawn, etc?"

The catastrophe of the drama is shrouded in impenetrable night. What was the fate of A, of B, of C, of all the rest of the alphabet, including old Izzard, "that gray-haired man of glee?" I cannot say: but enough has been done toward resolving the enigma to show how much

would be accomplished by a critical study of algebra in its æsthetic relations, disregarding those tables of meaningless signs and formulæ which are made the sole object of study under the present false, disciplinary system.

"The limits of this introduction," as Mr. Buckle would say, forbid me to do more than indicate how valuable the same method of treatment would be if employed, for instance, on "Arnold's Latin Prose Composition." Balbus, Caius, and even Titus Manlius, the *nobilissimus juvenis*, would be no longer mere pegs to hang instruction upon, but living, breathing souls like the generous, the gentle, but alas! the unhappy and fallen B.

"OUR OWN PERCIVAL."

[CONTRIBUTED BY HUDSON.]

HE rummager among top shelves of old libraries unearths a set of curious fossils belonging to the literary deposits of the earlier half of this century. These are the Annuals, octavos with gilt-edged leaves, and bindings embossed with leaf-and-flower patterns. Their backs are stamped with such titles as the following: "The Gem," "The Token," "The Wreath," "The Casket," "Friendship's Offering," "The Rose of Sharon." Open them; what do you find?

A frontispiece—copperplate—with a veil of tissue paper, behind which languishes "Julia," or simpers "The Nun." A vignette title—vase of roses and convolvuluses; other engravings—"The Sisters"; "Scene on the Hudson"; "The Declaration" (village maid at cottage door; latticed windows; spinning-wheel; wicker bird-cage; woodbine; distant spire; lover in Highland costume).

Then for contents there is an ode by Mrs. Sigourney, perhaps "To a Shred of Linen":

"O shred."

There is a sonnet by Park Benjamin; a sacred poem by N. P. Willis. There are other poems—"Joan of Arc"; "Jephtha's Daughter"; many "Stan-

zas" and "Lines," "Vents to the Heart," or "Leaves from the Volume of Life," all written with much pomp of blank verse and exclamation point by Agnes Strickland, Miss Edgarton, Miss Dodd, and other Misses and Mrses. "nameless here forevermore." They start out with great energy of invocation, as

> "Ay, lady! braid thy jeweled hair,
> And dight thee in thy rich array!"

or of aspiration, as

> "Oh, for the pomp of waters! for the roar
> Of waves infuriate!"

Then, for prose, there are romantic tales: "The Brigand's Daughter"; "The Faithful Page"; "The Bramin's Well";

"The Astrologer"; opening, it may be, with some such passage as this: "It was a large and lofty apartment in the tower of an ancient castle, where the pale astrologer sat among his astral instruments and his heavy tomes alone." *Tome*, by the way, is "nuts" to the Annual writers; no astrologer's library should be without one, and even an alchemist should have a few tomes lying around among his retorts and crucibles. The tome is to the mere book as the "shallop" or "pinnace" is to the prosaic rowboat. I should like to see a shallop, I have read of so many.

Besides the tales, there are moral and instructive pieces, such as "Human Life," or

"Copernicus." Also, short rhapsodies in prose, as thus:

"NIGHT.

"By Henry C. Leonard.

"The sun hath set, and Night comes with her silent step. I behold her sable curtains falling and darkening the scene"——

and so on for a page.

In the preface the modest editor says: "It is hardly becoming in us to allude individually to the contents of this volume. We believe none is without its value. Yet it is difficult to refrain from inviting the attention of the younger portion of our female readers to the character of 'Emma,' so beautifully and truthfully portrayed by the pen of one who

had frequent access to the inner sanctuary of her being."

Dear old silly Annuals! I like their naïve sentimentality, their majestic emptiness, their skin-deep Byronism, their feeble echoes of the mediævalism of Walter Scott, here in Yankee Land, where the well sweep and the chip pile in the back yard had not yet elbowed the ivy-mantled tower out of literature.

It amuses this generation to think that the Annuals were written and read by grown up men and women. The American mind, shrewd enough on the practical side, was, indeed, in the callow stage in the item of taste. Nevertheless, the humble Annuals are a part of our literary history. They led

a center table existence in times when the effusions of "L. E. L." were copied widely into young ladies' albums, and "More Droppings from the Pen that wrote Proverbial Philosophy," continued to dribble on the still unworn stone of popular endurance. The infrequent piano was small but upright (that poor creature, Melodeon, was not, as yet), and it resounded alternately to the songs of Morris and of Moore; to "Near the Lake where Droops the Willow," and to "The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls." The sentiments of the former bard were reflected weekly in the *New Mirror*, side by side with the sprightlier fancies of Willis. As for the young gentleman con-

tributors to "The Keepsake" or "The Nosegay," we have seen in Dickinson's ivory miniatures their silk stocks, high-shouldered dress coats, marvelously rosy cheeks, impossible blue eyes, brown hair, and sweet smiles. They gave moonlight serenades on the guitar. The lady contributors wore "mits" on their hands and carried lockets. They affected *brioches* and divans; had not Zuleika a divan to recline on, in her boudoir at Stamboul? To this period belongs Dr. Holmes's

"—Village maid
Who worketh woe in satin,
The graves in green, the grass in black,
The epitaph in Latin."

This was before Mr. Ruskin had taught her better.

I have introduced this men-

tion of the Annuals because they furnish a convenient term to criticism. One of them—"The Gem," Philadelphia, 1842, is on my bookshelves, and Dempster in referring to some verses or other in the magazines (possibly by Dr. Parsons), will often describe them as "gemmy"—a word that connotes much and merits a wider currency. To one that knows the Annuals, for instance, it might be a sufficient criticism of Percival, to say that he is gemmy. Label his poems, "Percivalia: Conn. River Valley; Gemmiferous Period"; and let the curator of our literary Peabody put them away in the appropriate pigeon hole. There, at any rate, they repose, with or without label, in that readerless limbo of

"The Poets of America" haunted by the respectable shade of Mrs. Sigourney. To live an immortality in elegant extracts is even a more unsubstantial existence than to "subsist in bones and be but pyramidally extant." When they gild your covers, prepare your contents for oblivion.

It is not a grateful task to raise the ghost of a dead reputation for the purpose of kicking it. But in Percival's case it would be more fair to say that his reputation has outlived his readers. This must be Professor Lowell's excuse for putting a quietus to him. Lowell's estimate of him seems to me entirely just, and I revive the topic not in order to differ with the critic, but because the lat-

ter's essay (published in "My Study Windows") has provoked much hostile remark in print and out. This was to be expected, as the critic was a Harvard man and the criticised a Yale man. Yale men naturally cherished a regard for Percival's memory, though they may not have taken the trouble to read his verses, and many of them said in their hearts: "We acknowledge that our college has not raised a large crop of rhymers. Her sons have been busy with sterner stuff. Our Quinnipiac runs through pleasanter scenery than their Charles, yet no one has told how it crooks its 'steel-blue sickle' among the meadows. Our boys died as bravely for their country as theirs, but our knightly sol-

diers still await their poet, and meanwhile catch but a reflected ray 'on *their* white shields of expectation.' But even when our Helicon was at its dryest, we consoled ourselves with one name. Was there not our own Percival? At Cambridge no occasion lacks its poet. The class of '29 has a little reunion; straightway some verses in the *Atlantic*. Emerson addresses the Phi Beta Kappa: an ode. Josiah Quincy reaches his 135th birthday; more odes. The air is thick with shuttlecocks of praise, flying from battledore to battledore. Not that we would pull a feather from a single shuttlecock; but why could they not leave us our one little ewe lamb—they of the abundant mutton?"

Since reading the essay in question I have been through Percival—"Prometheus" and all—equipped with a sharpened pencil for the marking of fine passages, and must confess that my marginalia are scanty. His poetry is hectic from first to last. If you want a bit of second-hand Byronism, read "The Suicide." The lines which Lowell quotes from "An Imprecation" can be matched with the concluding stanza of the former piece, directed against a worthy Congregational minister who forbade the poet's addresses to his daughter:

"And thou, arch-moral-murderer! hear my curse:
Go gorge and wallow in thy priestly sty!

Than what thou art I cannot wish thee worse :
Then with thy kindred reptiles,* crawl and die."

Lowell has thoroughly disposed of Percival's claims as a lyrical and didactic poet. But the thing which has struck me as especially strange, in reading his verses, is his failure to make his scholarship and his knowledge of nature, which were confessedly great, contribute of their substance to his descriptive poetry. The two lobes of his brain—the scientific lobe and the poetic lobe—appear to have worked independently. His geological reports are the dryest of statistics, and his verse is remarkably unsubstantial and unballasted by facts, allusions,

* Other Congregational ministers?

and concrete images. In taking up the study of botany, geology, and chemistry, it might seem as if he felt the need, as a poet, of putting some healthy, natural ground under his unsteady muse, just as bird-fanciers put bits of turf in their cages for the larks to stand on when they sing. But his poetry remained to the end as subjective as ever, and his nature is as gemmy as anything in the Annuals. What have we to do in Connecticut with groves, founts, cots, ruins, leas, shepherds, zephyrs, bowers, nightingales, myrtles, jessamines, lattices, etc? He found them in Moore and not in New Haven. We have few "groves" in this part of the world, except the haunts of German picknickers.

Instead, we have the native article—woods: oak, chestnut, hickory, birch, growing close, with spindling trunks and branching tops; lower down, dogwood, laurel thickets and white birch brush; lower still, an undergrowth of juniper, ground pine, and the round-leaved smilax. The next time that I go to the woods behind Donald Mitchell's I will look for some "groves," and if I find one, say of century oaks—the trees arranged in vistas, twelve feet apart; their giant boles springing from nice, smooth turf; and deer trooping down the perspective; and if, in a glade of this same grove, I come across a ruined abbey mantled with real English ivy (which has such work to "man-

tle" the north wall of the college library), then I will acknowledge that Percival was a great poet and saw the world with his own eyes.

If there is little truth in his descriptive poetry, still less is there any of that higher, imaginative handling of nature in which the thing seen is chiefly beautiful because of the thing suggested. There is no such analogy in all his verses as in that fancy of Lowell's own, where he speaks of the waves out at sea as appearing to "climb smooth sky-beaches far and sweet."

It is fair to say that a few of Percival's pieces are exceptions to these remarks. "The Coral Grove" and "Seneca Lake" have deservedly obtained a wide

circulation in school readers and books of selections. Lowell's saying, that Percival never wrote a rememberable verse, is not quite true. The line,

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,"

is a familiar quotation, though the sentiment is characteristically sickly. It may be, too, from some association rather than from any rememberable quality in the verse, but the sight of one of the Litchfield lakes at early morning, or of some copy of Landseer's "Sanctuary," will invariably recall to me the stanza,

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale."

For the rest, Percival's

scholarship was unquestioned. His life, though in some things weak, was free and proud and a protest against Philistinism. New Haveners would not like to lose his picturesque figure from their traditions. Of this, tall and stooping, and wrapped in an "old blue cloak," the eye of fancy may still catch glimpses, passing swiftly and furtively between the college buildings in the dusk.

BIFTEK AUX CHAMPIGNONS.

[CONTRIBUTED BY PUNDERSON.]

MIMI, do you remember—
Don't get behind your fan—
That morning in September
On the cliffs of Grand Manan;
Where to the shock of Fundy
The topmost harebells sway,
(*Campanula rotundifolia: cf.* Gray)?

On the pastures high and level,
That overlook the sea,
Where I wondered what the devil
Those little things could be
That Mimi stooped to gather,
As she strolled across the down,
And held her dress skirt rather—
Oh, now, you needn't frown.

For you know the dew was heavy,
And your boots, *I* know, were thin:
So a little extra brevi-
ty in skirts was, sure, no sin.
Besides, who minds a cousin?
First, second, even third—
I've kissed 'em by the dozen,
And they never once demurred.

"If one's allowed to ask it,"
Quoth I, "*ma belle cousine*,
What have you in your basket?"
(Those baskets white and green
The brave Passamaquoddies
Weave out of scented grass,
And sell to tourist bodies
Who through Mt. Desert pass).

You answered, slightly frowning,
"Put down your stupid book—
That everlasting Browning!—
And come and help me look.
Mushroom you spik him English,
I call him *champignon*:
I'll teach you to distinguish
The right kind from the wrong."

There was no fog on Fundy
That blue September day;
The west wind, for that one day,
Had swept it all away.
The lighthouse glasses twinkled,
The white gulls screamed and flew,
The merry sheep bells tinkled,
The merry breezes blew.

The bayberry aromatic,
The papery immortelles
(That give our grandma's attic
That sentimental smell,
Tied up in little brush-brooms)
Were sweet as new-mown hay,
While we went hunting mushrooms
That blue September day.

In each small juicy dimple
Where turf grew short and thick,
And nibbling teeth of simple
Sheep had browsed it to the quick;
Where roots or bits of rotten
Wood were strewed, we found a few
Young buttons just begotten
Of morning sun and dew.

And you compared the shiny,
  Soft, creamy skin, that hid
The gills so pink and tiny,
  To your gloves of undressed kid,
While I averred the color
  Of the gills, within their sheath,
Was like—but only duller—
  The rosy palms beneath.

As thus we wandered, sporting
  In idleness of mind,
There came a fearful snorting
  And trampling close behind;
And, with a sudden plunge, I
  Upset the basketful
Of those accursed fungi,
  As you shrieked, "The bull! The
    bull!"

And then we clung together
  And faced the enemy,
Which proved to be a wether
  And scared much worse than we.
But while that startled mutton
  Went scampering away,
The mushrooms—every button—
  Had tumbled in the bay.

The basket had a cover,
  The wind was blowing stiff,
And rolled that basket over
  The edges of the cliff.
It bounced from crag to bowlder;
  It leaped and whirled in air,
But while you clutched my shoulder
  I did not greatly care.

I tried to look as rueful
  As though each mushroom there
Had been a priceless truffle,
  But yet I did not care.
And ever since that Sunday
  On the cliffs of Grandma Nan,
High over the surf of Fundy,
  I've used the kind they can.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[CONTRIBUTED BY DEMPSTER.]

HE legislature passed a law,
Arkan'sas should be Ar'kansaw.
'Tis well; and if I had my way,
Io'wa should be I'oway.
To men who deal in real estate
The difference may not seem so great
'Twixt ante—and penultimate—
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee;
But they who deal in poesie
Are fain to make their boatman row
Euphonious "down the O'hio."
The name R. Kansas doth provoke
A cacographic A. Ward joke.
Io'we a, too! The sound begets
Abortive puns on bonded debts.
Io'wa's not a state of grace:
I wouldn't live in such a place.
But, though they're rather far away,
I think I'd like to go and stay
In Ar'kansaw or I'oway.

THE SPRINGALD AND THE CAUDA GALLI.

[CONTRIBUTED BY PUNDERSON.]

OOK here, look here, bold bar-keepere,
Come mingle a cup for me;
And mingle it quick, and mingle it thick,
And thou's' earn a broad penny."

"O give it a name, thou fair springald;
Shall it be of the foaming bock,
Or the whisky skin, or the John Collins,
Or the tail of the gallant cock?"

"A cock-tail of the gin, the gin,
Ymeint both strong and sweet,
With a curly chip of lemon skin
For such a guest were meet.

"My eyes are as holes in a blanket burnt,
And my head as the head of three,
I have the jammer yclept of cat,
For I've been on a sheol of a spree.

"A wet night maketh a dry morning,
Quoth Hendyng, 'rede ye right;
And the cure most fair is the self-same hair
Of the dog that gave the bite.'

"So whether it be of fingers three,
Or else of fingers two,
I want it strong and I want it long,
And I want it p. d. q."

Then up and spake a little foot page
That stood by the barroom door,
Said "here is a wight would speak with thee
A minute, but and no more."

Said "O he beareth a broad letter,
He hath ridden both fierce and far,
May'st hear the tramp of his red roan steeds
In the Madison Avenue car."

He hath taken a quill of the gray goose
wing
And dipped it in the ink,
And written upon a fair paper
"I have spit within this drink."

He hath laid the paper upon the cup,
And the cup upon the bar,
And stepped outside to speak with the
wight,
Had ridden both fierce and far.

He hath broken the seal of the broad
letter
And written a fair answere,
He hath given a fee of the white
money
To that district messengere.

He hath hied him back to the bar
again,
And taken his cock-tail up;
He hath cast one look at the fair paper
That lay on the top of the cup.

"God save thee, gentle springald,
From the fiends that plague thy
soul!

Hast got 'em again, or wherefore then
Doth thine eye so wildly roll?

"God save thee, gentle springald,
From the fiends that haunt thee thus!
Why dost thou tear thy yellow hair?
And eke why dost thou cuss?"

"O barkeepere, some felon here
Hath wrought foul shame and sin.
Give back, give back my broad penny
Or mix me another gin;
For a second line stands under mine—
'Eke I have spit therein.'"

AMOURS PASSAGÈRS.

[The papers read at the club were generally of a humorous rather than sentimental intention, but Dempster sometimes wrote of his long vacation experiences

"As though in Cupid's college he had spent
Sweet days, a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment."

Doubts were expressed as to whether these passionate utterances were warranted by the facts, but the following verses of Dempster's are submitted without comment.]

IGHT loves and soon forgotten hates,
Heat-lightnings of the brooding summer sky—
Ye too bred of the summer's heat,
Ye too, like summer, fleet—
Ye have gone by.

Walks in the woods and whispers
over gates,
Gay rivalries of tennis and croquet—
Gone with the summer sweet,
Gone with the swallow fleet
Southward away!

Breath of the rose, laughter of maids
Kissed into silence by the setting
moon;
Wind of the morn that wakes and
blows,
And hastening night that goes
Too soon—too soon!
Meetings and partings, tokens, sere-
nades,
Tears—idle tears—and coy denials
vain;
Flower of the summer's rose,
Say, will your leaves unclose
Ever again?

IMPRESSIONS OF A SUB-FRESHMAN.

[CONTRIBUTED BY HIGGINSON.]

MEN of imaginative minds have often given great weight to the thoughts and fancies of childhood. Goethe insisted that the puppet play described in "Wilhelm Meister" had a real importance in the history of his development. Wordsworth thought so seriously of a child's early impressions of the world that in his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" he seems to have adopted, almost in earnest, the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence. And indeed

those first pictures which the universe paints on the sensitive retina do have the air of belonging to some past stage of existence. They lie in the memory at an infinite remove, like the miniature objects seen through the wrong end of the telescope —small, distinct, and with a prismatic play of color about their edges, as though the dew were still on them and the light of dawn. The mind soon learns to expect no novelties. New combinations there may be, but the elements are old. But in childhood, before the alphabet of experience has been learned, there are new letters to be spelled—sensations elementally new, such as one might have in mature life if a fresh sense were added. "Turn the

eyes upside down," says Emerson, "by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years!" We can play our imaginations this pleasant trick no longer; but, as children, what a novel world we secured by simply rolling back the eyeballs, as we lay on our backs, till the room stood topsy-turvy! A smooth white floor was spread for the feet of fancy to run upon without let from wall to wall. The well-known furniture hung head downward,—tables, chairs, piano, even the fire in the grate,—like a group of domestic stalactites. The doors had thresholds two feet high. All was so old, yet so delightfully strange!

A loss befalls us when our scale of distances begins to change. It is like an illusion of the special sense which happens to one sitting drowsily by a window, who sees suddenly a long way off a large bird flying swiftly along the horizon, but, on shifting his position, sees only an insect crawling on the pane close to his eye. Thus, the little lawn where I used to play was an ampler field for imagination to explore than the widest landscape nowadays. Seen from the study-window of a moonlight November night, it had an unfamiliar, almost an unearthly, look. Mysterious shadows haunted its borders, and in the middle plot, where the hoar-frost spread a dim white drugget

under the moon, I could uncertainly make out the fairies' ring circling about in the wind. How different from that "sunny spot of greenery" on a May morning, when the lilacs at the house corner were in bloom and the syringa bushes at the gate were full of bees! Then it was like a slope in Arcadia, with gray-green tufts here and there among the grass, crowned with the blossom of a self-sown daffodil. The bright patch-work quilt lay on the ground for the baby to play on, and the nurse sat on the terrace steps with her sewing, while we wove the dandelion chain.

The far corner of the lawn was foreign country, and there was an excitement in visiting

it. It was there that the water stood longest after a rain, and the turf was fine and mossy. It was strewn with winged maple-seeds and the chocolate-brown pods of the honey locust. These products and the trees which shed them had something exotic about them when compared with the more domestic flora on the near side of the lawn. We felt at home with the snowberry bushes under the study window, whose fruit was our ammunition, and the row of vergalieus whose little yellow pears we found in September scattered about in the long grass under the terrace-bank, their skins speckled like trout and broken into deep cracks. The rough bark of the pear trees also afforded coignes

of vantage for the locusts that sang in the summer noons and left their cast shells, sometimes as many as a dozen on a single trunk, of which we hoarded collections in paper boxes. The lawn was pleasantest at five o'clock of a summer afternoon. Then long shadows fell across the grass, and we heard the distant voices of the children just let out of school, and knew that presently the tea-bell would ring and we should go inside to bread-and-butter and strawberries.

The far corner under the maples gained an added mystery from its being the scene of my initiation into the game of "secrets." A little girl among our playfellows came to me one day, and,

whispering solemnly, "Never, never tell!" led me to a spot marked by a flat stone. This being raised disclosed a hollow nest in the ground lined with moss, in which were set, in a kind of pattern, colored beads, gilt buttons, bits of tin-foil and sparkling glass, and other glistening "nubbins." It was as though the lid were lifted from Golconda and the wonders of the subterranean world revealed.

"Hush!" she said, replacing the stone: "it's our secret. Nobody knows it but me and you and Ella Burkett. It's *our* secret—us three."

No amount of stock in railway or mining corporation could give me now half the sense of importance that I felt

when admitted to a share in that partnership. I wonder whether this game was peculiar to us, or whether other children still play at "secrets"?

The same little Alice who let me into this first secret lived in a house in our neighborhood, where I sometimes went to play, and which was to me as a castle of romance by reason of one architectural feature in which it differed from the abodes of prose. Common dwellings had only two staircases, one in the front hall and one in the back entry for the servants' use. But in that enchanted mansion was a third flight, ascending from a side-entry to the upper story of a wing. At the turning, halfway up, was a stair broad

enough to make a little room of itself, and over it a window of yellow glass which shed a strange fairy twilight through the hall. The wing was little used, and we were left to play alone all day on the broad stair, where we spread our toys and spelled out our picture-books. Outside the window a large willow shook in the wind, and the shadow of its branches wavered in the solemn illumination that lay upon the floor, Such tricks as memory plays us! In many an old cathedral the dance of colors from the great oriel, making patterns on the pavement of the nave, has brought suddenly before me little Alice's face, and the dolls and wooden elephant and leaden soldiers, and the picture

of "slovenly Peter," all transfigured in that mystic glory.

But, alas for young love,—for even thus early may love begin, —my sweet playmate was something of a sloven. Her Shaker bonnet was always dangling from the back of her neck. Her brown hair was in a snarl. Her stockings — which were none of the whitest—were usually down about her ankles. Her knuckles and even her dear little knees were often grimy. My nurse, a particular woman, once said in my hearing that Alice was a dirty girl. I had never noticed this myself, but I was now moved to a high moral disgust,—being at the time aged six,—and when Alice next came to play with me I said, "Alice Powers, you are a

dirty girl. Go home! I won't play with you." Poor Alice looked at me with big eyes, and then, bursting into tears and flinging down an apron-full of horse-chestnuts which she had brought me for a present, went slowly out of the yard. As I watched her sobbing shoulders disappear down the walk, my heart misgave me. I felt that Alice was nice, but public sentiment had pronounced her dirty. Conscience, too, gave a twinge as I picked up the horse-chestnuts—her *douceur*. They were new from the tree, shining and darkly grained, like polished mahogany, each with an eye of floury white. A few days after, my little playfellow was taken with the croup and died. I took the horse-chestnuts up

into the garret and, in a dark corner behind the chimney, cried over them all a rainy afternoon in an agony of remorse—experiencing, even at that tender age the worst of all mental sufferings, the memory of ingratitude toward one who has loved us and has gone forever beyond the reach of our atonement.

When the child grows old enough to read, its imagination has a wider reach, but becomes less original. It reproduces its favorite books in its sports. From say nine to eleven the minds of all the boys in our neighborhood were under the tyranny of "The Scalp-hunters" and "The Last of the Mohicans," and our chief out-of-door pastime was to play

Indian. Assuming the names of *Chingachgook*, *Hawkeye*, *Uncas*, *Seguin*, *St. Vrain*, etc., we ranged the vicinage in war parties, emitting whoops, darting our wooden lances into the quivering bodies of the evergreens, and laying ambushes behind hedges. Our belts bristled with bunches of grass, the scalps of imaginary Mingoes and Navajoes, mingled together in cheerful defiance of ethnology — although the lodge of a big sagamore in the Algonkin tongues, who could have taught us better, lay right in our war path. Sometimes we were treed by peccaries in the big apple tree. In the deep and parlous canyon behind the gooseberry bushes we were attacked by

twenty-five grizzlies. We scoured on fleet mustangs over the broad prairies grazed by Deacon Barlow's cow, slaying buffaloes and Comanches. We held the abandoned hen house for a whole summer day—though sorely wounded—against a besieging party of Apaches, who shot burning arrows into the walls and tried every other stratagem which hellish cunning or the resources of Captain Mayne Reid's imagination could invent. This play was never popular with the girls, who were forced to be squaws and prepare our venison in the wigwam—the area of the cellar door—while we were off on hunting or war parties. Often, on returning at evening, laden with spoils, we found

that the squaws had betaken themselves to other games, and we had to recall them to their domestic duties.

Indoors, a favorite plaything was the spool-basket, and the favorite game that we played with it was a kind of original jack-straws. The basket being inverted, about half a bushel of brick-shaped blocks and spools of all sizes and colors tumbled gently into a heap. From this mountain, resembling the lava-pits of the Modocs, and representing chaos or the dawn of history, the tribes of men were slowly to extricate themselves. The white spools were the Caucasian race, the red spools the Indians, the yellow, the Mongols, and the black, the Africans. Such of these as rolled

out upon the floor at the overturning of the basket, or could be extricated from the heap without displacing the blocks, gathered into bands and fought each other, or sailed away on block rafts over the tranquil surface of the play-room carpet to green isles under the table, and edges of new-risen continents along the lounge, where they founded colonies. Gradually those who lay deeper in the mountain, overwhelmed in a sort of Dantesque hell, emerged through openings between the bowlders, and formed the obstructions about them into ramparts. Finally the whole mass was reduced into ordered lines of fortification, the scattered bands united into allied nations, and the whole

ended in a *Volksschlacht*, where the long cylinders of carpet-thread spools served as cannon, and the air was darkened by shot and shell composed of the little paper sewing-silk spools.

In days somewhat younger than those, a main resource was the kitchen, whose unrestrained life contrasted gayly with the stiff proprieties of the parlor. Our kitchen had a stone step at the threshold of the dining-room door, where a cricket sometimes sang, that dwelt in a neighboring cranny. Here I would sit after supper, between the servants' table and the wooden bench under which were ranged my uncle's shoes—twenty shoes precisely alike, which he wore in succession, beginning at one end of the row and making a

complete revolution in ten days. Over the bench hung his shoehorn on a nail, and over this was a shelf with a lantern and footstove. Beyond was the cellar door, which, when opened of a dark night, gave admission to abysses of mystery into which the imagination plunged with a pleasing shudder. Here I would sit, I say, and listen to the gabble of the girls as they slowly stirred their tea, absorbing it with loud gulps and masticating their buttered toast with a crunching and chonking sound most fascinating to the ear. The conversation was usually discontinuous, and abounded in rather abrupt reflections, such as— "'Tis three years, come Tuesday week, since I left the old

country. Dear, dear! Where'll I be this day twelvemonth?"

To this there would be no reply, but the other would say presently, gazing at the tea-grounds in the bottom of her empty cup, "What's my fortune?"

"I see an old man sitting in a chair."

"No, but 'tis not, then; 'tis a big house on a hill that ye see."

"Sure I've a purse in mine." Etc., etc.

Often I besought them for tales of Ireland, which I conceived of from their report as a wondrous green land of faëry. On Pancake Thursday, when they baked a ring in a cake and the kitchen was full of gossips who came to the cutting, these

stories most abounded. There seemed to be a definite repertory of them, known by name to the natives—for they would be called for under their titles, like favorite songs at a glee—as, "Have ye 'The White Lady of Blackrock Castle'?" or, "Have e'er o' yez 'The Yellow Wathers'?"

I can remember nothing of them beyond the vague outlines of one, in which a girl who is sitting in a tree at twilight hears her lover, underneath, plotting with another man to take her life, and afterward, in a company where her lover is present, says that she has a riddle to tell: "I dreamed a dream that the fox was digging a grave for me under the tree in the woods. And I

dreamed that the fox fell into the hole that he was digging." The conclusion of the history has gone from me.

I remember once being taken into the fields to hunt for shamrock by one of my nurses, a fresh-faced young thing, just over, whom we called Fat Janey. It was on some saint's day, or some Irish anniversary, and there was some sentimental or superstitious rite that she wanted to perform with the mystic trefoil. I have forgotten the exact nature of it—perhaps putting it under her pillow to dream upon, as is done with the wedding cake. At all events, I remember that she had to content herself with our common clover; and I recall her voice distinctly as she went

searching through the fields—

> The long gray fields at night,

for it was toward evening—crooning one of those wild, monotonous, tuneless chants that the maids sing while hanging out their clothes. Some of the girls knew a few scraps of Gaelic, and would teach me to repeat them. I have forgotten all but two sentences, which sounded like "Conny sthon thu," and "Tan da maw," (The spelling is strictly phonetic, and I haven't the least notion what the words mean.) I now suspect that they occasionally took advantage of my innocence—for they would make me say over phrases which they declared meant, "How do ye do?" or, "Give

me a kiss," and would laugh immoderately when I repeated them, and cry, "Listen to the child!"

A cook that we once had, named Nora, possessed great dramatic talent. She was a large, handsome woman, from the south of Ireland, with a mass of blue-black hair. She would let this down over her shoulders, and, standing in the middle of the kitchen, carving knife in hand, roll her fine dark eyes and recite the following dialogue, taking both parts alternately:

She.

Would ye not have a wife both fair and young,
Could speak the French and the I-talian tongue?

He.

No. One language is enough for any woman to speak;

And before I'd be governed by such a
wife,
I'd take the sword and end me life.
[*Stabs himself with carving knife, and fall supine on kitchen floor.*]
She.—
[*Rising nimbly from floor, and standing over his imaginary body.*]
Alas! alas! Thin I fear 'tis true—
So I'll take the sword and end me life
too.
[*Stabs herself, and falls in like manner.*]

She pronounced the *w* in "sword" distinctly.

The servants' cousins or followers were an unfailing spring of fresh interest. From the dining room I could hear a low rumble of talk in the kitchen, announcing the arrival of some John or Patrick. On going out there, I always found him sitting uncomfortably straight on one particular chair, under which his hat was deposited, and

dressed in black clothes, which also suggested discomfort and unwontedness. It was matter of speculation with me why the young and pretty girls had hardly any followers, while those who were uncommonly old or ugly were wooed most assiduously. Perhaps the old ones had property. One lean and tushy hag, named Catherine, who lived with us several years, was very confidential with me about her suitors. She was torn between two. The first was an absurdly young fellow, with a fresh, pleasant face. He was at least ten years her junior, and courted her perseveringly, but without much encouragement. She spoke of him as "the lad," and evidently inclined toward his rival, a

steady man, with a red beard, who weighed mentally about a ton. She told me that this latter one was rich, but that he had no religion. "He is like a baste of the field," she said. Nothing but this lack of spirituality seemed to make her hesitate between him and the other. Another cook that we had, held her head very high because she might have married, had she chosen, "a widow-man in the old country, with a jaunting-car."

The natural inclination of children toward fetichism, or the reading of a soul into inanimate things, is a matter of common note. The letters of the alphabet all have an expression for them like persons' faces. E is a belligerent, con-

ceited, positive character; F is sly, sneaking, with a smirk on his thin face; and so on. David Copperfield identified a certain washstand with Mrs. Gummidge. Hans Andersen, who retained the child's habit of mind all through life, personifies in his story-books tops, balls, and other playthings, precisely as children do. It is the same with articles of furniture: to an imaginative child every room has an expression of its own, and the things in it are not dead, but have a kind of life and humanity. There will be little unnoticed nooks and corners of the house that have a peculiar significance to him—some recess that he likes to sit in, some unused shelf or cubby. Oddities of architecture attract

him—such as a space left here and there, a corner cut off, a step up or down from room to room, a roof that slopes to the floor, a closet of irregular shape. Ledges are formed by projections or moldings, on which he will range pennies or candies in a row and leave them there till he forgets them, and comes upon them another day with all the excitement of a fresh discovery.

One of the best touches in "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" is where East describes to Tom Brown the pleasures of the Rugby institution known as "singing." After supper, in the summer twilight, the big boys sit about the tables in the little fives-court under the library, and sing and drink

beer; while the little boys "cut about the quadrangle between the songs, *and it looks like a lot of robbers in a cave.*" The man who wrote that knew the heart of a boy. Is there perchance in this part of the world any man who cannot recall the bliss that filled him at, say, the age of ten, when the evenings began to grow long and warm, so that he could play outdoors after tea? What an unfamiliar charm the deserted school-yard took on in the soft gloaming, where we lingered at "Every man in his Own Den," until the boy who ventured out into the center of the field, crying the ancient formula:

> "Here's a lead,
> For Solomon's seed,"

could hardly be seen for the dusk! And then to be let sit out on the front steps till ten o'clock with the "grown-ups," and listen to their talk—perhaps even participate in their lemonade—while the fire-flies twinkled in the high grass by the currant bushes! And to wake afterward in the night and hear the fountain splashing monotonously in the asylum grounds, and the hurdy-gurdy of the lunatic negro who came every night at moonrise to play by those waters of Babylon! Oh, summer nights!

THE ROUT OF THE MONO-DRAMATIST.

(CONTRIBUTED BY HUDSON.)

ND so Jim Barker has become a prominent public speaker and is stumping the State for Smith," began Hetherington, reminiscently. "Well, I was at school with Jim, and he was an orator even then, life's journey just begun—a silver-tongue from 'way back, so to speak. Fred Hardy used to say: 'Barker expects to take one step from the graduation-day platform into the United States Senate. He'll find it a mighty long step.' Well, well, old Jim

Barker! I remember his very first declamation, when he was a little, round-bodied, red-faced chap in the fourth class. Every fourth Friday in the month, you know, we used to have 'general exercises.' The afternoon lessons were given up, and the whole school was assembled in the big session-room on the third floor. First we sang; then we listened to the reading of the school paper—*The Effort*—by one of the editors, generally a girl. Nowadays, I understand, the school supports two rival literary organs and *prints* them both. The world is getting too rich—school-children have promenade concerts with dress suits and sich. Manuscript was good enough for us, my boy—and what sweet pretty poems the girls used to

contribute to that old paper! The monthly record, though, was mostly written by a boy—women have no humor—and was full of jolly good grinds and give-aways on all the fellows, which were rapturously applauded.

"Then we sang again—Miss Humphrey, the pretty botany-teacher, with whom all the boys in the first class were in love, doing the accompaniment on the old school piano. Then boys selected for their eloquence spoke pieces, and girls of genius in their best frocks read nice little essays tied with blue ribbon—'What will the Harvest be?' 'The Voyage of life,' 'The Spirits of the Four Seasons,' 'Unfulfilled Purposes,' 'The Folded Heart," etc. Piece and essay alternated: declamation roared while sentiment slept.

"It was on one of these occasions that Jim made his first bow to the public. He gave us 'Beautiful Snow,' with half-shut eyes, in a voice quavering with emotion, and sustained throughout on the high key appropriate to pathos. Several girls sobbed, and the boys in Jim's class kicked each other joyously under the benches. After that he was nicknamed for a time Beautiful Snow, until he effaced the impression of his maiden speech by coming out strong in pieces of a martial and defiant character. He rendered 'The Seminole's Threat,' 'Marmion's Defiance to Douglas,' 'Spartacus,' 'Warren's Address to his Army,' and all the most truculent things in the Third Speaker. But the rôle in which I remember

him best was 'Catiline's Defiance to the Roman Senate.' Jim had temperament. He was one of those bulbous-headed, perspiring fellows that Dr. Holmes admired, who steam profusely when well under way. How the veins used to swell on the bull neck, the little light-colored eyes protrude, the little kinky light-colored curls stand up on the bullet head, the flat wide nostrils spread themselves over the circumjacent cheeks, the blubber lips sputter and foam in the energy of contempt, as, rising on his toes, he pointed a fat forefinger at the ventilator in the top of the south wall and brought out the line,

'Hang hiss-s-sing at the nobler man below!'

"It was not long before Jim Barker was recognized as our star speaker; and, as prize-declamation day approached, he was the favorite at long odds. A few bets, however, were made on Junius Brutus Green, his only possible rival. Green was a singular person—the type of lad old ladies describe as a 'noble youth;' tall, dark-eyed, with a marble brow, a nose in close agreement with his baptismal name, and a countenance of a fixed, masklike rigidity, which now and then broke unexpectedly into a watery smile and then immediately recovered its solemn immobility. There was something enigmatic—something possibly of the charlatan—about him. His conversation was scanty and, what there was of it, not

illuminating. His oratorical gift was of a mysteriously intermittent quality. His 'organ' was greatly inferior to Barker's, being somewhat shrill and nasal. The latter's resources of voice and delivery were well understood and constantly in evidence. He was always cheerfully willing to exhibit them. But as to Green—from what subterranean volcanic fountain did he fetch the fire which had blazed up so sensationally last term in his rendition of 'The Maniac'—shrieking, 'I am not mad!—I am *not* mad!' These two were like Gladstone and Disraeli. It was felt that there were unreckoned audacities about Green that made him formidable.

"The great day came. The session-room was crowded with

scholars and visitors— parents and friends of education who often honored 'general exercises' with their presence. Jim had drawn a place early in the programme, and had bellowed, with his wonted vigor and a more than usually empurpled visage, that good old friend of his— and of ours—Macaulay's 'Virginia.' He made one break. Where the poet says,

> Near by a flesher on a block had laid
> his whittle down:
> Virginius took the whittle up and hid
> it in his gown,"

the speaker, in the heat of delivery, said, 'Virginius took the *flesher* up,' etc. One or two boys giggled, but the audience seemingly failed to get on to the distinction, and the blunder passed

unnoticed. Then came the small fry of declaimers—'heads without name, no more remembered': and finally Junius Brutus Green, who had secured by lot or by arrangement the closing act. And an act it proved to be—a real monodrama. It was that ejaculatory soliloquy, once common in school readers and speakers, but the title and authorship of which escape me, wherein a miser, gloating over his ingots and doubloons—Green pronounced it double-loons — in an underground vault, suddenly hears the trap-door, with its spring-lock, fall shut above him, and knows that he is immured to die a lingering death of starvation.

"Green enacted the tragedy with great abandon. He rubbed his hands, chuckled and pawed over the imaginary heaps of

treasure on the empty floor of the platform. "My go-o-old!' he cried, 'My darling go-o-old!' When the trap-door slammed he started and cried, 'Ha!' His subsequent desperation culminated grandly. 'Five thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!' he shrieked. 'Ten thousand doubleloons for a cup of water!' We felt that it was all up with Jim; and this in spite of the fact that, as the miser pranced back and forth across the platform, raising his clenched hands to Heaven, a narrow line of shirt showed between his trousers and waistcoat and provoked a titter from the frivolous.

"But now the wretched victim of greed is waxing weak with thirst, hunger, and despair. He gasps, totters, reels, and

falls prone upon the stage. Now he is still in death.

"At this point the drop-curtain should have descended. But this was no theatre, only a school-room platform, from which the teacher's desk had been removed to make room for the speaking. There was no curtain. Here now was a situation: how would the impersonator contrive to end it? A minute passed—another; and still the body lay upon the floor. Expectation stood upon tiptoe. The whole school was still. It was the psychological moment, and just then the entry door beside the platform opened and admitted a belated guest. He was a respectable citizen—a parent, doubtless—dressed in his Sunday clothes. In one hand he held his gloves and stick; in the other, a

tall, shiny hat. He paused upon the threshold. Before him was the crowded room, perfectly silent. At his left the body of Green lay motionless upon the mimic stage. The visitor looked from one to the other and then back again, his face expressing blank bewilderment. And suddenly the audience burst into laughter. The new arrival smiled responsive, and as he made his way toward an empty chair, the corpse stirred, arose, advanced to the front of the platform, where it stood for an instant with disordered hair, and patches of dust upon knees and elbows, smiled a watery smile, bowed gracefully and descended the steps, L. L. E., amid a tumult of applausive mirth. *Tout l'effet manqué.* Barker was saved."

THE THIRD STAGE OF DISCIPLINE.

BY OUR GRADUATE MEMBER.

O you are studying medicine?" said Ransom to Case. "I thought you were a-tutorin' on it in the Callipolis University."

"No; I only kept that job one year. I made some debts in college, and I had to go to work at once at something and pay them off. The salary was only eight hundred, but living at Callipolis is more than cheap. I paid off all my debts and actually laid up some money beside, to give me a start here in the medical school."

"What kind of a place was it? I don't know but I might put in for the position myself, unless it's filled already."

"You! I think I see you teaching mathematics to Callipolis Freshmen!"

"Oh, I don't know. I've had some thoughts of that kind of a career. Academic leisure—intellectual atmosphere — that sort of thing, you know."

"Intellectual rot! I don't mean slang, but literally dry rot. The Callipolis University, my boy, is a high and dry little old sectarian concern, such as were founded all over the country in the thirties and forties, and have been slowly decaying ever since. I believe there were thirty-seven of them in one western state at one

time. You know the type—three red brick buildings on a hilltop, in a row; the middle one with a white wooden cupola and a Greek portico of white wooden pillars; the end ones dormitories,—East College and West College, — chock-full of windows and architecturally factories. Half a dozen melancholy-looking professors prowling about, most of them ex-ministers of their denomination, and about ten students to each professor. There was one profane Sophomore who was rusticated when I was there for circulating a parody on Wordsworth:

'I met a small Callipolis Soph,
He was 'steen years old, he said,' etc.,

in which the Soph, when interrogated as to the number of his

classmates, keeps insisting that 'we are seven.' There are the usual two literary societies—the Clionian and the Philadelphic — and about as many Greek-letter societies as there are students. Why, you can imagine the stage of evolution that the institution has reached, when I tell you that they still have burials of Conic Sections, and that daring spirits now and then put a cow in the chapel belfry."

Case laughed softly to himself, as the mental image of the Callipolis University impressed itself anew upon his memory.

"There are some attempts at modernness," he went on. "They have a ball nine and even a football team—though where they get eleven men

from, I don't know. It was once my painful duty to break up a rush between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, in which the numbers engaged were such that it must have made the struggle rather a personal one."

"You must have had some rum experiences," suggested Ransom. "You are so juvenile-looking, anyway, that I can't fancy you keeping any sort of discipline in a class-room."

"Oh, the fellows treated me well enough. You see, I had the prestige of a big Eastern university to back me. There was a belief—which I didn't discourage—that I was a boating man in college and pulled on the 'Varsity. There was even a rumor that I smoked cigars

in the seclusion of my room in West College. Then I wore better clothes than most of the undergraduates — you needn't laugh, you satirical dog; I know what you fellows used to say about my clothes, but standards are different out there.

"Yes, sir, I wore a red necktie and carried a little silver-headed cane. The Prex used to glare at me disapprovingly when I touched my tall hat to him,—he wore a wide-brimmed soft felt himself,—but these things were elements of genuine popularity among the students. They elected me an honorary member of the Sigma Theta Phi Society; and the Callipolis *Oak Leaf*, the undergraduate weekly, used to allude to me darkly as 'the dude tutor.'

"However," he continued, after a pause, "I did feel rather young sometimes. There was one man in particular who had the same effect on me that Littimer had on Davy Copperfield. I remember the first time I called him up in recitation. 'Kelsey,' said I, selecting a name at haphazard from my marking-book. A solemn, middle-aged person rose from the rear bench and stood awaiting my further commands, regarding me meanwhile with a look of deep distrust.

"He had a sallow face with prominent cheek-bones, a goat beard and small, fiery eyes. These eyes he fixed upon me steadily while I put to him several questions, which he answered with an air of reluctance,

whether proceeding from imperfect preparation of the lesson or resentment at being catechized by an instructor so much younger than himself, I was not quite able to decide.

"I reckoned his age at anywhere from thirty-five to forty, and I felt that there was a certain indecency in his standing before me to be questioned, while I remained seated and recorded his mark—a low one—in my little book. It struck me that he felt the impropriety of it, too, for when I sent him to the board afterward to work an equation, he moved with emphatic slowness and wrote down the figures at my dictation in a manner implying an inward protest.

"You remember the geomet-

rical solid called parallelopipedon—a name in itself suggestive of mirth? At a subsequent recitation, one of the youngest members of the class had drawn the diagram on the board and had explained a part of its construction. I stopped him in the middle of his demonstration, and called out, 'Kelsey, go to the board and carry on the construction from the point where Anderson left off.'

"My venerable pupil proceeded with much deliberation to the blackboard and contemplated the elaborate figure traced upon it in silence, and with an expression of entire detachment from the business in hand.

"At last he said, 'I don't know how the thing is built.'

"'Come,' said I encouragingly, 'Anderson has laid the foundation; can't you go ahead and rear the superstructure?'

"The division giggled, but Kelsey still gazed dispassionately at the parallelopipedon.

"'Well,' I said, 'take a little time and study it out,' and I called up another man to recite on 'captions.' Presently a renewed giggling drew my attention back to the board, where Kelsey, with solemn sweeps of the eraser from side to side, was obliterating the last lines of the obnoxious diagram.

"Having finished this performance, he returned to his seat. There was a defiant glitter in his eye, and a spot of hectic red burned on each of his

sunken cheeks. The class looked expectant, and I felt my own cheeks reddening with annoyance. I thought it best to take no notice of the matter, however; but when I dismissed the division I asked Kelsey to remain.

"'Why did you rub out that figure?' I inquired, feeling secretly very much like a son arraigning his own parent for disrespect.

"'I couldn't do anything else to it,' he replied. There was a kind of choke and tremble in his speech, as of a hardly suppressed rage, and something—some muscle or nerve—beat visibly in the hollow of his jaw. I was puzzled, and at the same time nettled, by these evidences of a quite irrational hostility.

"'Kelsey,' I said, with a flippancy which I knew at the time to be a mistake, but which I couldn't help for the life of me, 'nothing but my respect for age keeps me from imposing the discipline which you deserve. But really, you know, it would be too absurd to give ten marks to a man of your years. Please remember, nevertheless, that the hoary head is a crown of glory only when it is found in the way of righteousness. That is all, sir. You may go.'

"He continued to stare fixedly at me, opened his mouth once as if to reply, but finally withdrew slowly and without a word. I learned, from some inquiries that I set on foot, that my Methuselah was regarded in the class as a 'freak.'

"He roomed in a back street at a distance from the college, associated with none of his classmates, and was supposed to devote his days and nights to study, with results that were only imperfectly apparent in the recitation-room; although —as I found on consulting other instructors—his standing was respectable in all subjects except mathematics.

"His residence was entered on the catalogue as Callipolis. No one knew what his antecedents were, or where he really came from.

"But some one had picked up in the yard an envelope directed to Kelsey, with a blurred postmark which seemed to be Kansas, but might have been Arkansas, so that he became

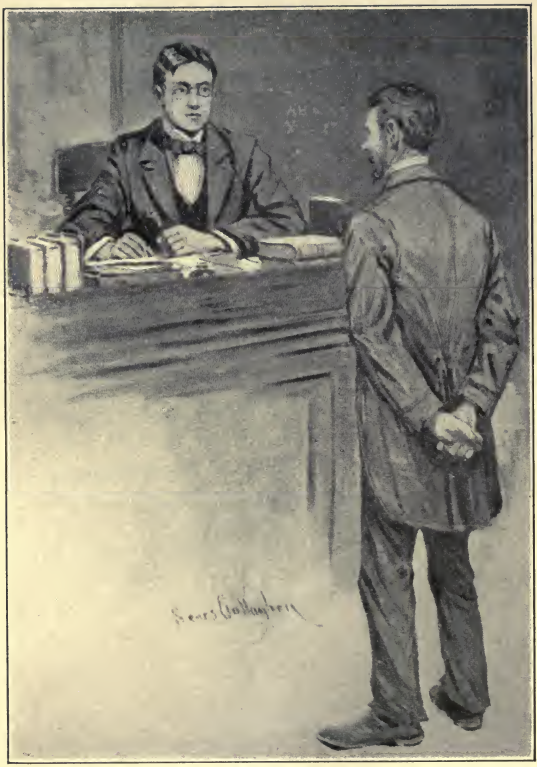
known by the various nicknames of 'Bleeding Kansas' and the 'Arkansas Traveller.'

"After my interview with him he adopted a policy of systematic 'flunking.' When called on to recite, he either responded in a deep bass voice, 'Not prepared,' or else rose majestically to his feet, awaited my question, and then subsided majestically into his seat.

"At length I called him up to my desk after recitation, and said, 'Kelsey, you seemed to have some difficulty in the first part of the term in getting hold of the theory of negative quantities; but you are furnishing a practical illustration of it now. If you go on in this way, your stand will soon be a minus quantity.'

"He ruminated over this statement a minute or two, and walked away without comment. This was his last appearance in the mathematical class-room. For a system of flunking he now substituted a system of 'cutting.' The absence of his accusing figure from the rear bench, with its silent refusal to acknowledge any authority in a stripling like me to teach a mature person like him—this in itself was a relief.

"But meanwhile his absence marks were rolling up, and of course it wouldn't do. It soon became necessary to send him a letter home, informing his parent or guardian that 'your son [ward] has incurred —— marks and has been placed upon the first stage of discipline.'



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Reproved by the Tutor.

"I accordingly went over to the secretary's office and consulted the address-book, to find who Kelsey's parent or guardian was; but the book gave no information on the subject.

"'Kelsey?' said the secretary, when appealed to, 'Kelsey? Let me see. Oh, that old fellow in the Freshman class? Why, he is the man Fromage was laughing about. He filled up his entrance examination blank this way:

"'"Name of parent or guardian: I have no parent or guardian, but hold myself accountable to God."

"'He's an orphan, you see,' chuckled the secretary.

"'But I've got to send a letter home. Where shall I send it?'

"'Send it to him. He's old enough to take care of himself.'

"'No, I'm afraid that won't satisfy the letter of the law. If he hasn't any parent or guardian we've got to invent one for him. My relations with him are rather strained, anyway, and I am not going to omit any warning which he is entitled to under a strict construction of the rules.'

"A day or two afterward I met the aged delinquent in the yard and stopped him.

"'You have twenty marks,' I began, 'for unexcused absences, and it is my duty, as your division officer, to send a letter home. Where would you like me to send it? I find no address in the secretary's book. You—'

"I paused, overcome by a sudden impression of pathos in the figure before me—a sense of poverty and illness. He wore his customary suit of solemn black, cut in the weird fashion peculiar to the rural tailor of some twenty years ago, before the development of the ready-made clothing business had made his art obsolete. And the wearer of these singular garments looked actually ill.

"His eyes were glassy, and his usual lean sallowness was intensified into a shrunken pallor. With the divination born of a new sympathy, I saw things as he saw them—the long years of struggle behind him; years of manual toil, of baffled aspiration, of self-sacrifice for an education, of patient

waiting, and finally of belated opportunities and failing health. I saw myself with his eyes—an airy young puppy, a university sprig, whose advantages had cost him nothing and who looked down with easy superiority upon better men.

"'Mr. Kelsey,' I resumed, in my kindest tones, 'you are not looking well. Perhaps you have a good reason for these absences; but you haven't put in any sick excuses. Do you have trouble with your mathematics? It would give me pleasure to help you, if you would bring me the problems that you find especially difficult. Bring them any day, between the morning recitations, to my room — 35 West College.'

"But the olive-branch was

put sternly aside. The lines about his mouth hardened. He drew his absurd figure erect and threw back his head till the goat beard pointed at me almost horizontally.

"'You may direct the letter to Miss Louisa Kelsey, 130 Mulberry Street, Callipolis.'

"Well, sir, old Bleeding Kansas, as the boys called him, went on cutting and making no explanations, till his marks got up to forty, and I had to write another letter, informing Miss Louisa Kelsey that her nephew was now on the second stage of discipline, and that if he got twenty marks more he would be dropped. 'Nephew,' I put it, assuming naturally that the lady was his maiden aunt.

"She took no notice of my

warnings, and presently Kelsey began to absent himself not only from the mathematical recitations, but from all college exercises. His last appearance was at one Wednesday reading of themes. Blodgett, the rhetorical tutor, hailed me one morning in front of the college row.

"'Look here, Case, I've got something I want you to read.' He was running over a bundle of themes, tied with a bit of red tape, which he held in his hand. He finally selected one, drew it out and handed it to me with a laugh.

"'You know old Kelsey—Freshman class? Well, here's a "forensic disputation" he read me the other day, and it brought down the division.

There's a paragraph in it that's meant for you—so one of the men told me. Anyway, they were onto it, and they applauded him vigorously when he got through. I wish you had been there to hear him roll it off. It was like Burke on W. Hastings. These far-Western fellows are the only ones left that have the real old Websterian tradition.'

"'Thank you,' said I; 'perhaps I shall enjoy it as well in the privacy of my boudoir. It's thoughtful of you to call my attention to it.'

"'Isn't it? Here, I've marked the paragraph with the blue pencil; but you had better read the whole thing. It will do you good.'

"Mr. Kelsey's manuscript

proved to be a discussion of the question, 'Does College Education Pay?' I was gratified to find that the disputant's conclusions were favorable, on the whole, to the affirmative side. But the particular paragraph which the class had been good enough to apply to me, ran as follows:

"'The crying need of American colleges is better instruction. Instead of being what Matthew Arnold calls "men of light and leading," the professors are too often callow youths who owe their appointments to having had their windows broken as tutors. The abolishment of the tutorial system is a prime prerequisite of better teaching. Who does not willingly sit at the feet of our re-

vered President, when lecturing on moral duties; or listen with delight to the silver tongue of our prominent Professor of Ethical Science, Rev. Jared W. Backus, D.D., LL.D., whose writings are known not only in religious circles, but wherever the English speech is heard to reverberate in "accents of a kindred tongue"? But in many of our smaller institutions of learning we do not have the privilege of hearing such men till Senior year. The two lower classes are entrusted to the tender mercy of tutors. Boys just out of the nursery, spider-legged young sprouts of Eastern colleges, without any experience of life, are put over men—men who have perhaps fought and bled for their coun-

try, though they may not have a Boston accent or be quite as fresh on preparatory mathematics as the beardless juveniles and patronizing neophytes who are appointed to worry them under the name of instructors—Heaven save the mark!'

"I had just finished reading this, when some one knocked at my door and there came into the room a quaint little figure of a girl, about ten years old, with pale hair, pale face, and big, solemn, pale eyes.

"'My papa is sick and wants to see you,' she said, with an elderly precision of speech.

"'And who might your papa be, my dear?'

"'Mr. Kelsey is my papa—130 Mulberry Street. He said for you to come to-day, please.'

"'Good heavens! Kelsey your papa! How sick is he?'

"'He has been having hem — hemrages!' The self-contained little face twitched, but no tears came.

"'Poor child — poor child! Is your mamma with him?'

"'My mamma is dead.'

"'Well, your aunt—his aunt —Miss Louisa—is it?—Kelsey. Is she with him?'

"'He hasn't got any aunt. Louisa is my name.'

"So this was the lady whom I had been addressing as madam in official notices, informing her that her papa was a naughty boy and had forty marks! Old Kelsey was not without a grim humor, it seemed. And, indeed, he gave another evidence of it in the

last words that I ever heard from him.

"I had shaken hands with him in his shabby sick-chamber —or rather had picked up one limp and clammy member, as it lay upon the counterpane, and retained it in my own, while I sat on the edge of the bed and heard him hoarsely whisper an apology for having been disrespectful to me.

"'My dear fellow—my dear fellow,' I interposed, 'drop all that. Don't talk any more than you have to, anyway; but just tell me, in as few words as you can, what I can do for you.'

"The doctor had gone, leaving directions and promising to return in the afternoon. The nurse was moving softly about

the room, and the child was crying almost inaudibly in a corner.

"He beckoned to me to approach my ear to his mouth. 'You are my division-officer,' he whispered, 'I don't know any one here. I would like you to take charge of the girl after — after — you know,'—he glanced apprehensively toward his daughter,—'and send her back to my folks in Iowa. [So it wasn't Kansas, after all.] She's got the money to settle up here and pay her fare. Address on card in her pocket-book.'

"I assured him that everything should be done as he wished, engaged to return in the afternoon, kissed the little girl and told her to stop crying,

for her papa was going to get well; and I was about to leave the room, motioning to the nurse to follow me outside for a few minutes' talk, when the invalid once more beckoned me to come nearer.

"A ghastly grin distorted his emaciated features and his little red eyes twinkled grotesquely.

"'Write her a letter,' he gasped, as I leaned over to catch his words, 'when she gets back to Iowa—and tell her the old man's gone on the *third* stage of discipline!'"

A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.

BY A GUEST OF THE CLUB.

THE house was very still, and the little boy was all alone. His mother and uncle had gone downtown an hour ago, and the servant girl had taken advantage of their absence to slip out for a gossip in a neighboring kitchen. The blinds were closed to keep out the sun, and the scent of lilac blossoms stole into the darkened rooms through the open windows. The boy had been sitting on the lounge in the study, regarding attentively the frontispiece to Sturm's Reflections for Every Day in the

Year, which represented a gentleman and lady examining a vase of goldfishes. The author's reflection appertinent to this plate was given upon page 234; but the boy was unable to profit by it, for the letterpress was beyond him as yet. Instead, he had reflections of his own upon the gentleman's swallow-tailed coat and the bell-crowned hat which he politely held in his hand,—as the boy himself had been taught to do when indoors. The lady's ringlets and very short-waisted gown also invited reflection; and the goldfishes would lend themselves to decorative purposes, if only one had not mislaid the camel's-hair brush belonging to the box of water-color paints upstairs.

There was no sound about the house except the sucking and flapping of a shade in one of the study windows, as it drew in and out in the soft spring air. But presently there blended with this something more insistent, more distinctly rhythmical, and suggestive of human agency. The boy listened. Yes, it was unmistakably the strains of a hand-organ, though very far away. He turned the pages of moral Sturm, and arrived at the engraving of a youth playing on the harp in a lofty, bare apartment, whose furniture consisted of a globe and a pair of compasses. These emblems were mysterious; but the harp seemed to be subtly allusive to that other musical instrument,

the sound of which, however, had now failed. Suddenly it started up again, and much nearer. The artist was in our own street.

The boy dropped his book, and ran to the front door. The door itself was open, but the blinds were shut, and he stood behind them, expectant, "in the sunlight greenly sifted." Before long the music stopped again, and soon the hand-organ man himself was seen approaching, with his melodious burden on his back. It was a quiet street of shady dooryards and houses inhabited by elderly people. Few children were there at any time, and now it was the middle of the long forenoon, and school was in. So the minstrel's progress along

the lonely block was unattended, and he glanced wistfully from house to house, uncertain of a harvest.

Finally he arrives before the house of the boy. He pauses; he regards the green door blinds. Moment big with fate! Slowly he unslings his hurdy-gurdy. He is going to play here,—right here. Ours is the divinely selected mansion. It would not have occurred to the little boy to do anything himself toward influencing the decision. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the principle which governs a hand-organist in passing by one gate, and stopping before another, is inscrutable by human boys. Older people might have suspected that, in this instance, the row

of small finger tips visible between the slats of the door blind had something to do with the choice.

A lover of soda water has assured me that in Germany he found only two flavors,—*mit* and *ohne*. Mit is red; ohne is white. Even so, at a New England rural fair, an itinerant fizz-vender was wont to explain to his customers the distinction between his "serrops." "Rawsberry 'n' sars'p'rilla," he would announce: "rawsberry 's red; sars'p'rilla 's yaller." Of hand-organs, also, the kinds are two: mit, with a monkey; ohne, without. There used to be sometimes a third species, that had cardboard figures in the front, which danced to the music; but this was so rare that it may

be disregarded in the classification.

This hand-organ, of which I tellë you my tale, was of the ohne variety, and it was more fitting so. Among the respectable dwellers in this back street —what the policeman on the beat once called "the nobility of the block"—and in the still profundity of the mid-forenoon —what the Greeks called "the deep of the morning"—the antics of even the most melancholy monkey would have been little short of an outrage.

And now the instrument began to play. The first tune on its list was Old Dog Tray, a good, droning melody which might seem to have been composed expressly for hand-organs. Behind his screen the

boy listened invisibly, until a click in the machinery announced that the tune was changed. When the Marseillaise struck up, he was emboldened to throw open the shutters and seat himself on the stone doorstep. He was having the performance all to himself. No neighbor came along the sidewalk; not even the baker's cart passed. He was like the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, sitting alone in the vast, empty, dark theatre, while Wagner's music dramas were played for his sole benefit.

But presently he bethought himself that it was customary to give pennies or other coin to organ grinders. He had seen the thing done repeatedly, and this grinder would doubtless ex-

pect it. He knew where his uncle kept his money, and he went to the study to get it.

There was a desk, in whose upper compartments were writing materials and other articles: a tray of quill pens; a perforated receptacle for sand,—black, glittering sand, with which the uncle would pepper a freshly written sheet, to dry the ink, and which it was fun to scrape off afterwards with the paper folder, when it rustled fascinatingly against the paper; a box of varicolored wafers, nice to wet with the tongue—flavored, as they were, with wintergreen—and stick in patterns upon the closet door; sticks of red, green, and yellow sealing wax, with a seal which

stamped a monogram on the wax when melted; a shoehorn, simulating a scimiter; and a lamp pick, which, withdrawn from its spool-like sheath, made an excellent dagger to stab enemy Turks.

But in the drawer of the desk there was treasure: rolls of bright red new copper cents, done up in paper, gummed at the ends, twenty in a roll; better still and more easy to come at, a chamois-skin bag containing silver of all denominations, from the tiny pieces that Ki Graham, the cook's nephew, called "tripenny bits" up to big round dollars.

Arrived with all this wealth at the front door, the boy sat down upon the mat, untied the string which fastened the mouth

of the bag, emptied the silver coins on the broad top landing of the doorsteps, and proceeded to arrange them in glittering rows, beginning with the three-cent pieces,—mere thin wafers of white metal,—and running up through an ascending series of half-dimes, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, and dollars. It was his plan to give a coin after each tune, commencing with the smallest, and when they were all gone, rising to the next higher denomination. He had an imperfect understanding of money values, but he argued, from the analogy of candies and other possessions, that the biggest must be the best; and he calculated that, in this way, not only would he get music as long as the money held out, but

the constantly increasing size of the reward would stimulate the hand-organ man to higher exertions.

The Italian's black eyes glistened, but he did not swoop down upon the treasure, gather it in, and march off. Perhaps he was a good hand-organ man; perhaps he thought the risk too great. He did not even glance up and down the street to see if any one was coming, but, with eyes fixed lovingly upon this potentiality of wealth, and with a grin about his bearded lips, he entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and ground away with steady rapidity. The Marseillaise had been followed by Pop Goes the Weasel, Rosalie the Prairie Flower, and a number of national airs,

and the row of threepenny bits was sensibly diminishing.

"Grinder, who serenely grindest
At my door the Hundredth Psalm,
Till thou ultimately findest
Pence in thy unwashen palm,"

exhibited no greater patience and forbearance than did this favorite of fortune, as he saw the beginning of the half-dime row approaching. *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, he wielded his crank. He had played clear through his repertory of tunes, and now commenced on them again. But repetition did not pall upon his audience. So have I seen school children,—reinforced with a luncheon of cookies and chocolate caramels,—after a long forenoon at a "continuous performance," when the programme began its

round again, greet each familiar feature of the show with unimpaired eagerness.

It was in the midst of a spirited execution of Dandy Jim of Caroline that the shuffle of feet and the rap of a cane made themselves heard along the sidewalk. A gentleman and lady stopped at the gate. At the same moment footsteps sounded along the entry, and the servant girl arrived upon the scene, R. U. E. and pat as the conclusion of an old comedy. There was a momentary tableau, and then the lady pounced upon the boy, and smothered him with kisses and laughter; the maid, with a shriek, threw herself upon the silver, and swept it into the bag; the gentleman lifted his hat ironically to the

musician, who touched his own grimy headpiece in answer, with a sympathetic grin, and then, shouldering his organ, strolled pensively down the street ; while the boy was borne into the penetralia of the house, struggling and protesting that the concert was only just begun.

COLLEGE RHYMES.

THE DARKE LADYE.

SHADOW haunts about my door,
In midnight dreams I see
An Afrite-woman pace the floor:
It is the Darke Ladye!

Of mournful sable is her robe:
Her eyes like waves are rolled
Full whitely: from her ear's black lobe
Hangs down the red, red gold.

The clothe-baskét is in her hand,
The tear is in her e'e:
Her children two behind her stand
While speaks the Darke Ladye:

"Full thrice with round, vermilion face
Behind the cedars black,
The moon hath risen in her place
On broad Quinnipiac.

"Full fourscore dawns have streaked the bay
Since thou, upon thy knee,
Didst vow the red, red gold to pay
Unto the Darke Ladye.

"I washed from soil and inky blots,
Thy cuffs and eke thy shirt;
The Æthiop changed another's spots
And cleansed the stranger's dirt.

"And though thy stains as scarlet were
With blood of strawberry,
All snowy grew each handkercher
Before the Darke Ladye.

"But now my hearth is desolate,
And on the Elm Street shore
The brooms are still; my dusky mate
Shall beat the rug no more.

"Look on these cherubs, short but sweet;
How hangs each curly head!
Their eyes are dim with tears; they eat
The orphan's gingerbread.

"The while thou smok'st the costly weed
(I see one on thy shelf),
Thou makest widows' hearts to bleed,
Withholding of thy pelf.

"False caitiff, didst thou not declare
A check was on the way
From thy far boyhood's home, and swear
To pay me yesterday?

"Henceforth no soap thy sheets shall know,
No starch thy limp wrist-band,
And dirty towels in a row
Shall hang on thy wash-stand."

She's gone, the door behind her slams,
Her feet descend the stair,
And I with sulphurous loud damns
Disturb the upper air.

She comes at morn and dewy eve,
She comes just after tea,
To stand beside my door and grieve,
That dismal Darke Ladye.

Thrice have I sent her small, small
bill
For my dear Pa to see.
Some happy chance bring back his
check
To quit the Darke Ladye.

YE LAYE OF YE WOODPECKORE.

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

WHITHER goest thou, pale studént,
Within the wood so fur?
Art on the chokesome cherry bent?
Dost seek the chestnut burr?

PALE STUDENT.

O it is not for the mellow chestnút
That I so far am come,
Nor yet for puckery cherries, but
For Cypripediúm.

A blossom hangs the choke-cherry
And eke the chestnut burr,
And thou a silly fowl must be,
Thou red-head wood-peckér.

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

Turn back, turn back, thou pale studént,
Nor in the forest go;

There lurks beneath his bosky tent
The deadly mosquitó,

And there the wooden-chuck doth tread,
And from the oak-tree's top
The red, red squirrels on thy head
The frequent acorn drop.

PALE STUDENT.

The wooden chuck is next of kin
Unto the wood-peckér;
I fear not thy ill-boding din,
And why should I fear her?

What though a score of acorns drop
And squirrels' fur be red?
'Tis not so ruddy as thy top—
So scarlet as thy head.

O rarely blooms the Cypripediúm upon its stalk;
And like a torch it shines to me
Adown the dark wood-walk.

O joy to pluck it from the ground,
To view the purple sac,

To touch the sessile stigma's round—
  And shall I then turn back?

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

O black and shining is the bog
  That feeds the sumptuous weed,
Nor stone is found nor bedded log
  Where foot may well proceed.

Midmost it glimmers in the mire
  Like Jack o' Lanthorn's spark,
Lighting with phosphorescent fire
  The green umbrageous dark.

There while thy thirsty glances drink
  The fair and baneful plant,
Thy shoon within the ooze shall sink
  And eke thine either pant.

PALE STUDENT.

Give o'er, give o'er, thou woodpeckóre;
  The bark upon the tree
Thou, at thy will, may'st peck and bore,
  But peck and bore not me.

Full two long hours I've searched about
And 'twould in sooth be rum,
If I should now go back without
The Cypripediúm.

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

Farewell! Farewell! But this I tell
To thee, thou pale studént:
Ere dews have fell, thou'lt rue it well
That woodward thou didst went:

Then whilst thou blows the drooping nose
And wip'st the pensive eye—
There where the sad *Symplocarpus fœtidus* grows,
Then think—O think of I!

Loud flouted there that student wight
Swich warnynge for to hear;
"I scorn, old hen, thy threats of might,
And eke thine ill grammére.

"Go peck the lice (or green or red)
That swarm the bass-wood tree,

But wag no more thine addled head
  Nor clack thy tongue at me."

The wood-peck turned to whet her
    beak,
  The student heard her drum,
As through the wood he went to seek
  The Cypripediúm.

Alas! and for that pale studént:
  The evening bell did ring,
And down the walk the Freshmen
    went
  Unto the prayer-meeting;

Upon the fence loud rose the song,
  The weak, weak tea was o'er—
Ha! who is he that sneaks along
  Into South Middle's door?

The mud was on his shoon, and O!
  The briar was in his thumb,
His staff was in his hand, but no—
  No Cypripediúm.

A MERRY BALLAD OF THREE SOPHOMORES AND A TOLL-WOMAN.

T is a lordly sophomore,
The thirstiest one of three,
And he hath stopped at the toll-house door
All under the greenwood tree.

"Come hither, come hither, my merrymen both
And stand on either side:
What see ye on the toll-house wall
By the toll-house door so wide?"

They ha' lookit north—they ha' lookit south—
They ha' lookit aboon the sky:
Then up and spake the first merryman
And thus he made reply:

"I ha' lookit north—I ha' lookit south—
I ha' lookit aboon the sky,
Yet I see naught on the toll-house wall
Or the toll-house door thereby."

Then up and spake the next merry-man
With "Alack and woe betide!
For I've left my glass on the green, green grass
All by the burnie's side.

"So though I look north and though I look south,
And though I look straight before,
I see nothing at all on the toll-house wall
Nor yet on the toll-house door."

"Now shame! now shame! my merrymen both,
For see ye not written here
These words that tell of cakes to sell,
And eke of the small, small beer?

"'I have never a penny left in my purse—
Never a penny but three,
And one is brass and another is lead,
And another is white monéy.'

"But haud out your pouches o' gude green silk,
Or the skin of the red deer fleet,
And we'se tak' a draught of the wee sma' beer
And a bite of the seed-cake sweet."

He hadna rapped a rap, a rap,—
A rap but only three,
When out and came the toll-house dame,
Was a grisly wight to see.

Her cheek was yellow, her throat was lean,
Her eyes "baith blear and blin'":
No Soph hath half the beard, I ween,
That flourished on her chin.

"A boon! A boon! thou toll-woman,
A boon thou'se give to me,

For a thirstier soul than I am one
Lives not in Christianté.

"I've swallowed the sassafras in the wood
And the dust on the king's highway
And the sorrel that grows on the sandy bank,
Till my throat is as dry as hay."

"O seek ye of the red, red wine,
Or seek ye of the white,
To moisten your dainty clay withal,
And your whistles both shrill and slight?"

"We seek not of the red, red wine—
We seek not of the white:
We seek but a draught of the small, small beer,
Of the seed-cake only a bite."

"Then show me the red, red gold," quo' she,
"And show me the silver fine,

And show me a roll of the green,
green back,
Or you'se get no beer of mine."

Then up and spake the first merry-
man,—
By several saints he swore;—
"I have but an Index-check[1] in my
pouch,
And the devil a penny more."

Then up and spake the next merry-
man—
"And I've but a soda-ticket,
And a crumpled two-cent revenue
stamp
With no gum-stickum to stick it."

"Aroint!—Aroint! ye beggarly loons,
From under my threshold tree!

[1] Entitling the holder to one *Index to the Yale Literary Magazine*, prepared by "the busy L. H. B." These checks were thrown on the market in great numbers, and rapidly depreciated, causing a panic in the class only equalled by the similar distress produced by the famous "Finley Issue" in the class of '66.

What good to me is a revenue stamp
Or an Index-check perdy?"

"A soda ticket? A soda fiddle-
Stick! Pesky belly-wash!
Them folks as like it may swill sich fizz,
In their stomachs to rumble and swash:

"But as for me, I'll stick to my cider,
And eke to the small, small beer,
And sell it to them as have money to pay;
But you—get out o' here!"

Then beerless to the dusty road
Turned each bold Sophomore,
While with a slam behind him closed
The heavy toll-house door.

A FISH STORY.

WHALE of great porosity,
And small specific gravity,
Dived down with much velocity
Beneath the sea's concavity.

But soon the weight of water
Squeezed in his fat immensity,
Which varied—as it ought to—
Inversely as his density.

It would have moved to pity
An Ogre or a Hessian,
To see poor Spermaceti
Thus suffering compression.

The while he lay a-roaring
In agonies gigantic,
The lamp-oil out came pouring
And greased the wide Atlantic.

(Would we'd been in the Navy,
And cruising there! Imagine us
All in a sea of gravy,
With billow oleaginous!)

At length old million-pounder,
Low on a bed of coral,
Gave his last dying flounder,
Whereto I pen this moral.

MORAL.

O let this tale dramatic
Anent this whale Norwegian,
And pressures hydrostatic
Warn you, my young collegian,

That down-compelling forces
Increase as you get deeper;
The lower down your course is,
The upward path 's the steeper.

IN LATIN PROSE RECITATION.

LOVE the tongue of Cicero
In moderate quantities, you know;
But listening for an hour or more
To Latin prosings *is* a bore.
When Pinguis rises to recite—
O Erebus and Ancient Night!
Chaos is come again: Old Sleep
Along the benches 'gins to creep.
What shall I do while Pinguis stands
And tells of Balbus' lifted hands,*
Of Titus Manlius, noble youth,
And that G. Washington of truth,
Caius, who fibbed not even in jest
(*Ne joco quidem*), and the rest?
What shall I do to pass the time?
Try my hand at making rhyme?

* *Ego et Balbus sustulimus manus.*
Arnold's Latin Prose Composition.

This text-book's fly-leaves, smooth
and white,
My pencil's sharpened point invite.
Help, Muse, thou whose Maeonian
brook
Meanders through the Balbus book:
Thou who with pure mnemonic fire
That noble quatrain did'st inspire;
"By *ut* translate infinitive
With ask, command, advise and
strive;
But NEVER be this rule forgot—
Put *ne* for *ut* when there's a not."
Goddess, thou knows't I can't com-
pose—
Not worth a rap—in Latin Prose.
The exercises that I do
On the black-board get minus 2.
I saw the tutor, with a frown,
In his small book put this mark (x)
down.
So then—here goes in English verse:
It may be bad—it can't be worse.

LOST LETTERS OF THE GREEK ALPHABET.

IM is my damp eye
For thee, O Sampi:
Lo! here I drop a
Tear for Koppa;
Gone, too, art thou,
Departed Vau;
(Ah! letter sweet,
Now obsolete.)
Ye-one-two-three
All vanished be,
Swallowed by Time's much-gulping sea.

F.

But thou, Digamma—
Chiefly for thee
We wail and clamour
In threnody.

Old Hell, thy gammer,
Swallowed thee whole;
Yet still thy soul
Doth haunt this grammar—
A ghostly V
For whom Prof. Hadley
Moaneth madly
And in each dark hiatus sadly
Listens for thee—
Ever for thee.

A HOLIDAY ECLOGUE.

ABOVE.

First Mason:

INK-A-LINK! Tink-a-link!
Hear the trowels ring;
Feel the merry breezes make
the scaffold swing;
See the skimming swallow brush us
with her wing:—
Go it with your hammers, boys; time
us while we sing.

BELOW.

First Student:

See the yellow sparkle of the Neckar
in the glass,
And through the cedar branches
sparkles blue the sea;
Hear the sweet piano—hear the Ger-
man lass
Sing *Freut' euch des Lebens*—O
"I love, I love the free!"

Second Student:

I like the canary better;
Look, how he swells his throttle!
He gurgles like musical water
That dances and sings in a bottle.

ABOVE.

Second Mason:

D'ye mind the students down in the grove
Drinking their wine and beer?
That's an easy life they lead.

First Mason:

So do we up here
When the weathercock points west
And the look-off's clear.

Third Mason:

House-top Jim 's the boy for work!

First Mason:

True for you, my dear.
(*Whistles "The Girl I Left behind Me."*)

BELOW.

First Student:

See the Dutchmen on those settees:
Isn't it like the Rhine?
And the old church-tower up over the trees—
Kellner! Noch ein Stein!

Third Student:

I'd like to work with those masons there
Half way up the sky.
The air is sweet where the pigeons build,
And the world is all in their eye.

Second Student:

But "Love is of the valley": the Gretchen and the Kellner
Haunt the cheerful levels of the lower story.
Glory in the garret—comfort in the cellar:
I will keep the comfort—you may take the glory.

ABOVE.

First Mason:

Look up at the pointers: they're
drawing close together;
'Tis here we get the earliest news of
sun and moon and weather;
We can hear Time's pulse a-ticking
with the whistling weathercock.
Drop your mortar-boards, my lads,
it's coming twelve o'clock.

Third Mason:

O it's hungry that I am with work-
ing in the wind,
But there's a shawl and bonnet—
below there: do you mind?
It's Molly with the dinner-pail: she's
coming in the door.
Faith, my belly thinks my throat is cut
this half an hour and more.

(*The church clock strikes the noon.*)

A MEMORY.

CAME across the marsh to-
night,
And though the wind was
cold,
I stayed a moment on the bridge
To note the paly gold

That lingered on the darkening bay;
The creek which ran below
Was frozen dumb; the dreary flats
Were overspread with snow.

The college bell began to ring,
And as the north wind blew
Its distant janglings out to sea,
I thought, dear Friend, of you;

And how one warm September day,
While yet the woods were green,
We strayed across the happy hills
And this wide marsh between.

The hay-stacks dotted here and there
The water-meadows wide:
The even lines of sluices black
Were filling with the tide.

Then this salt stream, now winter-bound,
Fled softly through the sedge,
Retreating from the sparkling Sound;
And there along its edge

We strolled, and marked the far-off sloops,
And watched the cattle graze.
O'erhead the swallows rushed in troops,
While, bright with purple haze,

West Rock looked down the winding plain—
Ah! this was long ago;
The summer 's gone, and you are gone,
As everything must go.

AD IULUM ANTONIUM.

HORACE'S ODES: LIBER IV. CARMEN II.

ONY, for me to write an ode,
And spout it from a staging
Would be to trust in waxen wings,[1]
Or, when the winds are raging,
To pull outside the Light-house Point
In Charlie's paper wherry
(Six inches and a half across);
'Twould be imprudent—very!

"Weak-winged is song." Why don't you get
Some muse with pinions tougher?—
Some epic dominie or some
Didactic-blank-verse buffer,
Complacent, fat, in white cravat,
Who, in mid-climax soaring,
Will pause to hear his audience cheer
And kick upon the flooring?

[1] "Ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis."

Get some prize-poet who can write
A dozen different metres.
There's Finch; there's Duffield—Hollister
Who does our best Phi Betas;
There's Edward Sill—he slings a quill
(Perhaps you think that *stylus*
Would sound more classical than quill;)
There's Rev. Crescentius Nilus—

That swelling Nile[1] whose annual flood
The "Courant" always mentions,
Enriching drear alumni feeds
And Delta Phi conventions.
I name a laureate here and there;
You'll doubtless think of others.
Who did the anniversary
(No joke on *verse*) at Brothers?

These swans[2] of song I often see
Early some autumn morning
Fly over in the frosty sky;
Faint sounds their leader's warning.

[1] "Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas."
[2] "Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum."

Southward they seek the Chesapeake,
To winter homes returning,
Above the maple-forests red
And brushwood swamps a-burning.

But I, a bee[1] that shuns the wind,
By East Rock's sheltered bases
Crawl into spurs of columbines
In warm and sunny places,
Humming in slender, earthy strain
Of little cells I'm building
At home, and how my jacket brown
Has one small stripe of gilding.

Perchance on some Red Letter night
When snow was softly heaping
Outside upon the window-sill,
And, o'er our senses creeping,
The sleepy malt, the grate-fire's glow
That tinged our pipe smoke rosy
As evening clouds, had made us feel
Particularly cosy;

I've taken from my pocket's depths
A torn and crumpled paper

[1] "Ego apis Matinæ," etc.

Whereon were traced some idle
rhymes,
An idler brain's light vapor;
And if to these the Letters Red
Listened with kind indulgence,[1]
We'll lay it to that genial malt
And fire-light's soft effulgence.

But when in gilt-edged album-book
I'm asked to write a sonnet,
I sadly shake my head and say
"Dear Miss, I am not on it."
And when Dick reads me his new
pome
In twenty cantos, then ah!
My little chirping muse descries
How *tenuis* is her *penna*.

[1] "Si quid loquar audiendum," etc.

PRESENTATION DAY, 1868.

HEIR songs are done, their forms are gone,
And Time for us hath turned the glass:
We heed not, as we take their seats,
How downward swift the red sands pass.

We heed not how the cloud comes on
That shadows all the sunny land—
The day when heart from heart must part
And clinging hand unlink from hand.

What shall that Dies Iræ give
In place of that it takes away:
How fill the time we have to live
While youth treads downward to decay?

Good-by, true friend; good-by, old Yale;
Good-by, each dear familiar spot;
Good-by, sweet season of our youth—
"The golden, happy, unforgot."

IVY ODE.

CLASS DAY, 1869.

HEN we are gone from sight and mind,
Leaving no token here behind
To speak for us in this loved scene,
O, Ivy, keep our memory green,
And trace in thy soft, leafy line,
The dear old name of Sixty-nine.

When youth and Yale are far away,
And these young heads are growing gray,
We'll think, how on this cold stone wall
Our Ivy climbeth strong and tall;
And then our hearts, like thee, shall grow
The greener for the winter snow.

Farewell! Farewell! A leaf from thee
In after years a charm shall be
To start the tear in eyes long dry;
To stir the drowsy memory
With sad, sweet thoughts of Auld Lang Syne,
And friends we loved in Sixty-nine.

THE NEW YALE. 1871.

LL day we hear the chisels ring,
The windlass creak, the masons sing;
With every brightening moon there falls
A longer shadow from the walls.
We hope these rising halls may bring
Some new event—some wished-for thing.
We look to see that not alone
Of mellow brick-work or of stone,
But reared by wisdom's magic wands
Invisible, not made with hands,
Yet stronger than the trowel builds,
Deep-laid by toiling scholar-guilds,
Her corner-stone's free-masonry
As broad as this brave century,
Our new, regenerate Yale shall be—
Our Yankee university.
O let her widened portals stand
All opening on the future's land;
Her pointed windows one by one

Steal color from the setting sun;
Her gables and her belfries high,
Her generous chimney-stacks whereby
The college doves shall build and fly,
Front only toward the western sky;
And far above her tall elm trees
The bright vanes point the western breeze!
We care not that the dawn should throw
Its gilding on our portico;
But rather that our natal star,
Bright Hesper, in the twilight far
Should beckon toward the imperial West
Which he, our Berkeley, loved the best;
Whereto, his mighty line doth say,
"The course of empire takes its way."
For in the groves of that young land
A lordly school his wisdom planned
To teach new knowledge to new men,
Fresh sciences undreamed of then.
She comes—had come unknown before,
Though not on "vext Bermoothe's" shore.
Yet will she not her prophet fail—
The new—the old—the same dear Yale.

TRIENNIAL POME.

1872.

HE other evening,—just when tea is o'er
And ambulances crowd the Commons door—
When the heat gets a trifle less intense
And singing sounds the nicest on the fence—
At shirt-sleeve time when the first pipe is lit
And cheerful June-bugs round the ceiling flit,
I sat with palm-leaf fan and slippered feet
" Enlumining with rhethoricke swete "
(That's Chaucer) a small portion of the gloom
That broods within my grim tutorial room.

(I always cram my lessons up ahead
Because, by spirit of enquiry led,
With wily question Freshmen sometimes stick
Their Tutor in Eng. Lit. and Rhetorick).
Thus sitting, wrapped in Rhetorick and smoke,
I heard somebody tapping at my oak.
Thought I unto myself: "Now who the deuce is
That at my door?—Some Freshman wants excuses,
And yet, methinks, that is no Freshman tap;
There's something bold tho' friendly in that rap:
Such echoes waken in these ears of mine
The wooden knuckles of old Sixty-Nine.
"Come in," I said: slow swung the ponderous door
And PHLANDER stood before me on the floor.

Stern was his brow and serious as of yore

But somewhat bushier were the sides
he wore.
Divinity sat throned within his eye—
New Haven Orthodox Divinity;
Not such as holdeth sway where
MANUS stands
Swinging the censor in his jewelled
hands,
Or sings anthiphonals with solemn
chant,
Snuffing the candles of the covenant.
He seemed an angel sent to summon
me
To some high mission—or, perhaps,
to tea.
"Fear not," he said,—"fear not, I
am not come
To dun you for our Megatherium;*
The money that your Secretary begs
To buy that aged reptile's ribs and
legs
Is scarce enough as yet to furnish
plast-

* New Haven, Conn., May 27, 1873.
Rec'd of Edward Heaton the sum of Five Hundred & Sixty-two dollars & forty cents, amount of Megatherium Fund of class of 1869, deposited at the Townsend Savings Bank.
(Signed) O. C. Marsh.

Er for that *monstrum horrendum informe's* cast;
Yet some remote posterity may see 'em
Ranged proudly in the Peabody Museum.

"It is not for the fossil that I call,"
Said Phlander, "but for the Triennial.
We're getting very near to the Class Supper:
There's no Class Cup—in fact there's no class cupper.
The unfilial babe declineth to appear,
Thus bringing down in sorrow to his beer
His father's hundred and fifteen grey heads.
What's to be done?—There'll be the toasts and spreads,
But then we want some kind of fluff or foam,
And so—and so—you've got to do a pome."
"Phlander," said I, "The class of Sixty-Nine
Is a sensible class: we love our beer and wine,

We like our smear, our smoke, our jolly chorus,
But pomes and speeches and all that sort bore us.
Don't I remember once in Delta Phi
When Texican and Beverly and I
Tried to get up some littry exercises?
The chairman raps, the essayist arises
With bulky manuscript and neat cravat,
When suddenly loud cries of 'Fat up! Fat!*
Why don't you fat up on the Jimmy's trick?'
'Hold your yawp, Cammy!' 'Who dug you up?' &c.
Within his frame lamented Eels† grows red
And frescoed Clio hangs her blushing head.
Besides, my Phlander, now you talk of fluff,
The last three years I've dealt in sterner stuff.
Indeed I've ceased to build the mighty line

* To load a partner's trick with valuable cards.
† Legendary founder of A. Δ. Φ.

And woo the unwilling muse since Sixty-Nine.
Yet Phlander," said I, "were there one whose fires
The bull-dog kindles and John Roach inspires;
Well skilled in swift velocipedic race
Or rhyming dictionary's page to trace;
He were the bard to do Triennial pomes
And rag therein J. Saxe and Dr. Holmes.
Alas! no bull-dog licks his ligneous hands,
He roams in rude and licoriceless lands
Where never yet *Four Years at Yale* hath shed
Its rays, and e'en the *Index* is unread."
To us at Alma Mater's apron-string
Not much of change the quiet seasons bring.
The elm-leaf buds and spreads and yellowing falls,
New ivies stretch their green threads up the walls;

But now and then we hear how
Tom has sped,
That Dick is married and that
Harry's dead,
That Jack is raising cane on the
Equator
And Bob is running for the "Legis-
latur."
Our academic cobwebs gather dust,
Perhaps our minds contract a little
rust,
And we home-keepers hardly notice
how
The wrinkles thicken in our
Mother's brow.
Now when we shake your hands
upon the fence
To me, at least, there comes as yet
no sense
Of change; once more, as in the
bright September weather.
Some long vacation's close brings
us together.
But you who've wandered doubtless
find the trace
Of alteration in our Mother's face.
All change is sad—yes, sad is even
growth;

It steals away some portion from
our youth.
The college pump's not where it
used to be,
You can't get used to Farnam and
Durfee;
Old land-marks fail: just in the
college close
Where Boreal Joseph's modest man-
sion rose—
Where, when the meteoric fireworks
came,
Their light was dimmed by less
celestial flame,
There now a desert of wild oats
doth spread.
Our ivy, too, can hardly yet be said
To clothe the wall: when last I
chanced to pass
One bright green leaf looked bravely
through the grass.
Ah well! these younger years so
lightly fly
We scarcely hear their wings; but
by and by
More precious and more precious
still shall be

These meetings—rests and breathing-spots where we
May pause, as up these stony hills of time
Whose summits pave eternity, we climb
And turn our eyes from mists and clouds and snow
Back to Youth's valley lying fair below,
Forever there the tender light of dawn,
Striped with long shadows, trembles on the lawn;
The sky forever breezy, far and blue,
The green woods freshened with perennial dew,
The meadow-lark's brief, sweetly-whistled tune
Fills the deep valley with the voice of June.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

IGHLANDS of Navesink,
By the blue ocean's brink,
Let your gray bases drink
Deep of the sea.
Tide that comes flooding up,
Fill me a stirrup cup,
Pledge me a parting sup,
Now I go free.

Wall of the Palisades,
I know where greener glades,
Deeper glens, darker shades,
Hemlock and pine,
Far toward the morning lie
Under a bluer sky,
Lifted by cliffs as high,
Haunts that are mine.

Marshes of Hackensack,
See, I am going back
Where the Quinnipiac
Winds to the bay,

Down its long meadow track,
Piled with the myriad stack,
Where in wide bivouac
    Camps the salt hay.

Spire of old Trinity,
Never again to be
Sea-mark and goal to me
    As I walk down;
Chimes on the upper air,
Calling in vain to prayer,
Squandering your music where
    Roars the black town:

Bless me once ere I ride
Off to God's countryside,
Where in the treetops hide
    Belfry and bell;
Tongue of the steeple towers,
Telling the slow-paced hours—
Hail, thou still town of ours—
    Bedlam, farewell!

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